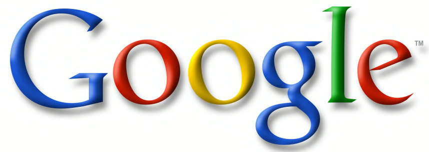

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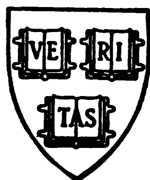

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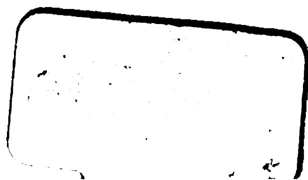

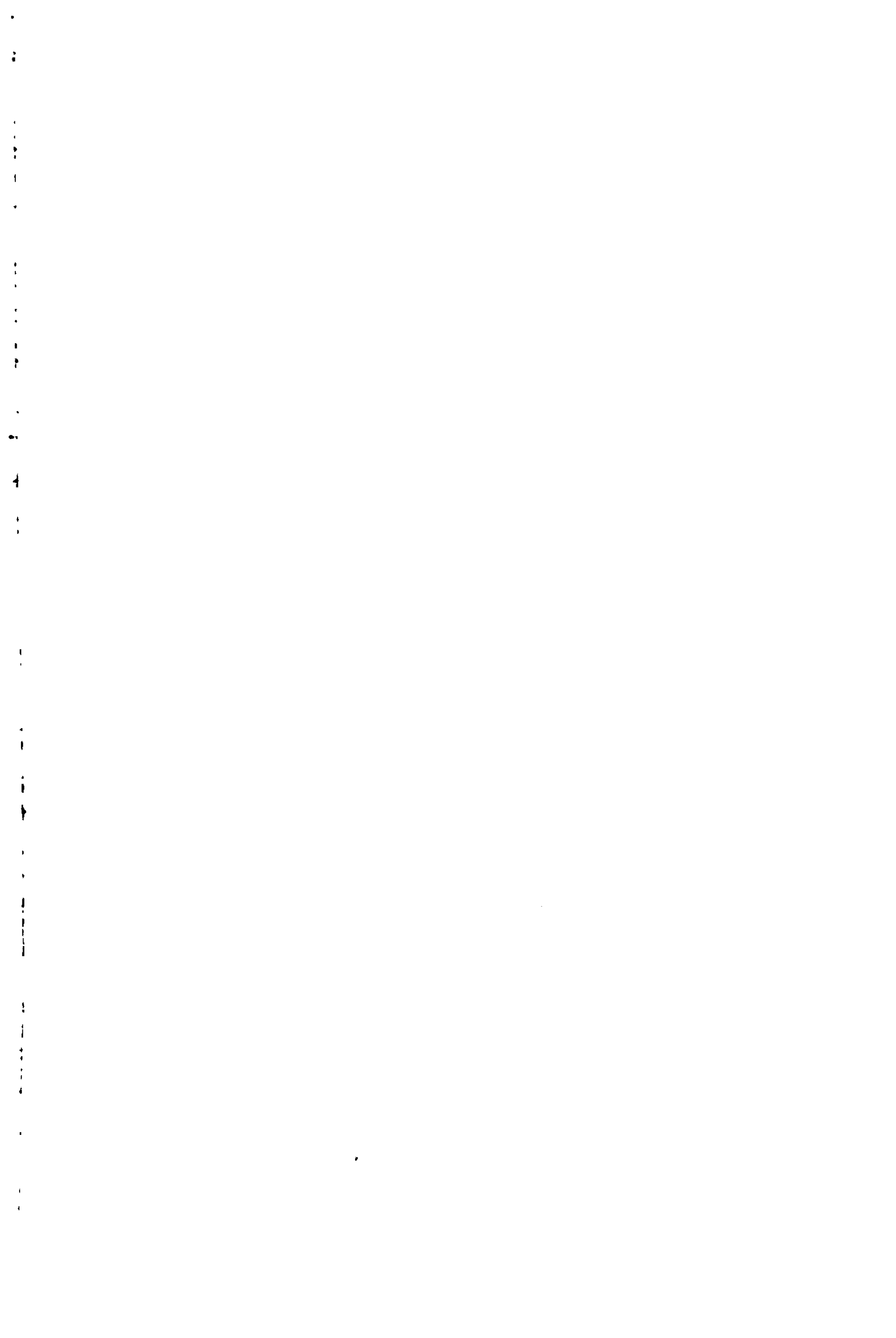

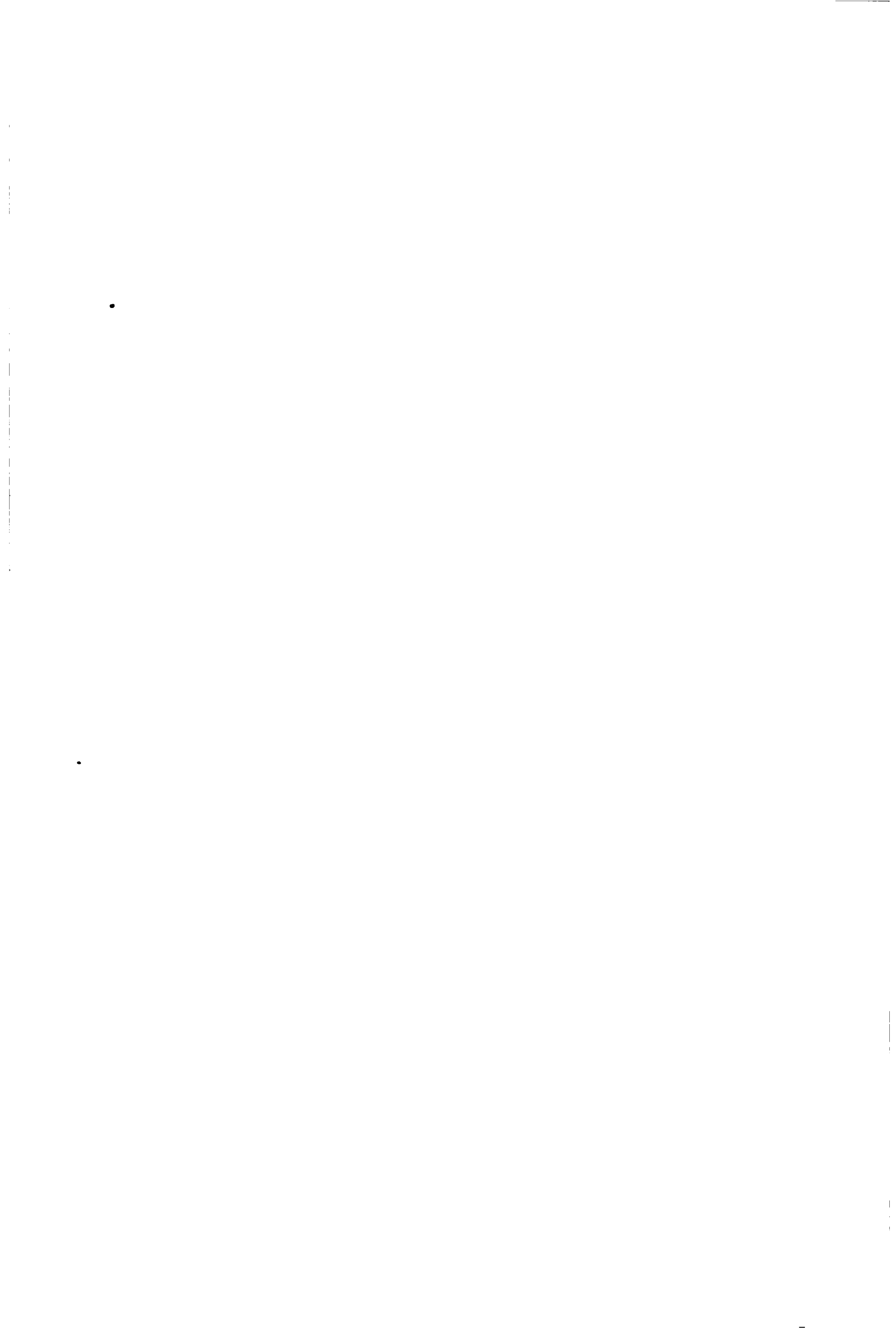

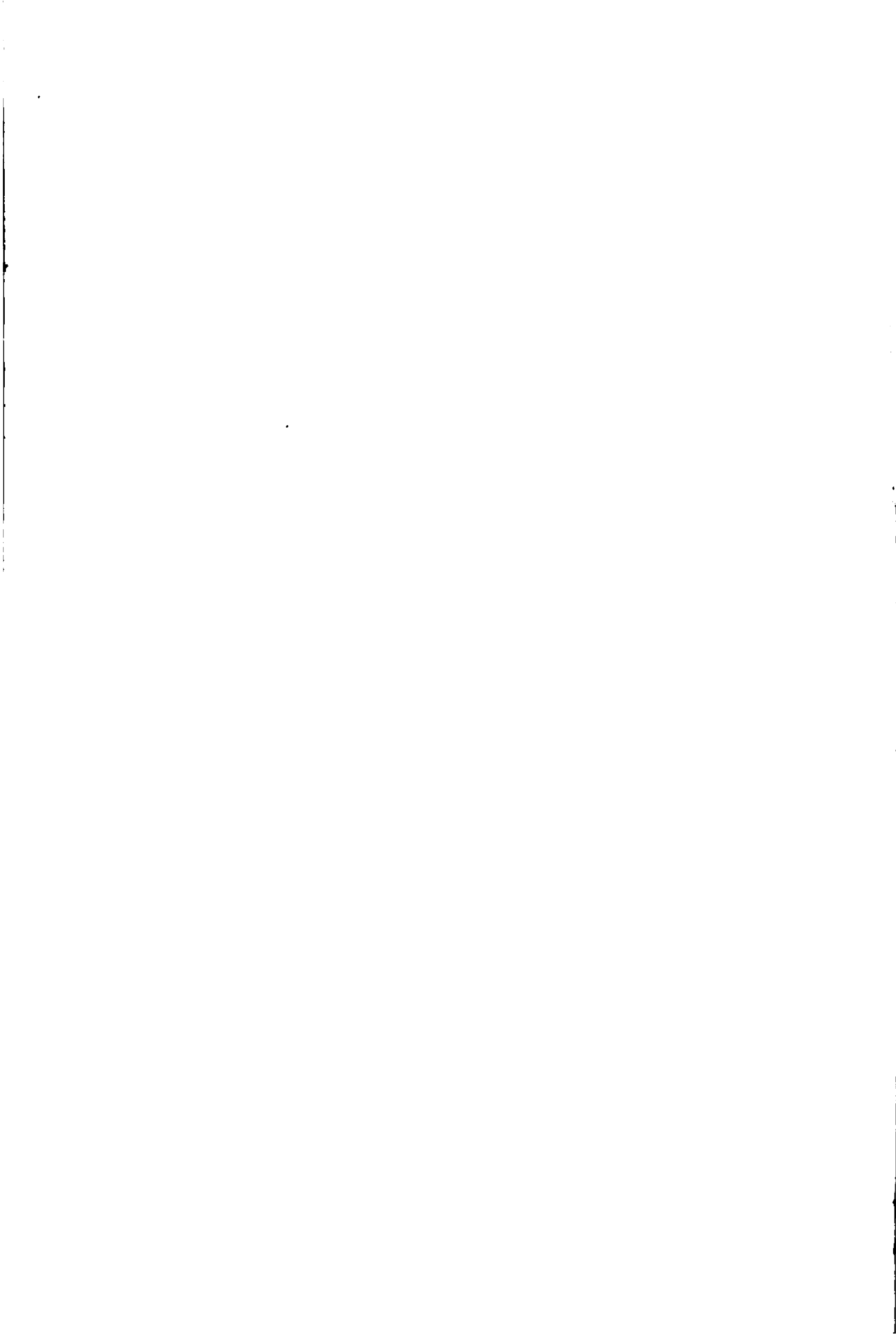

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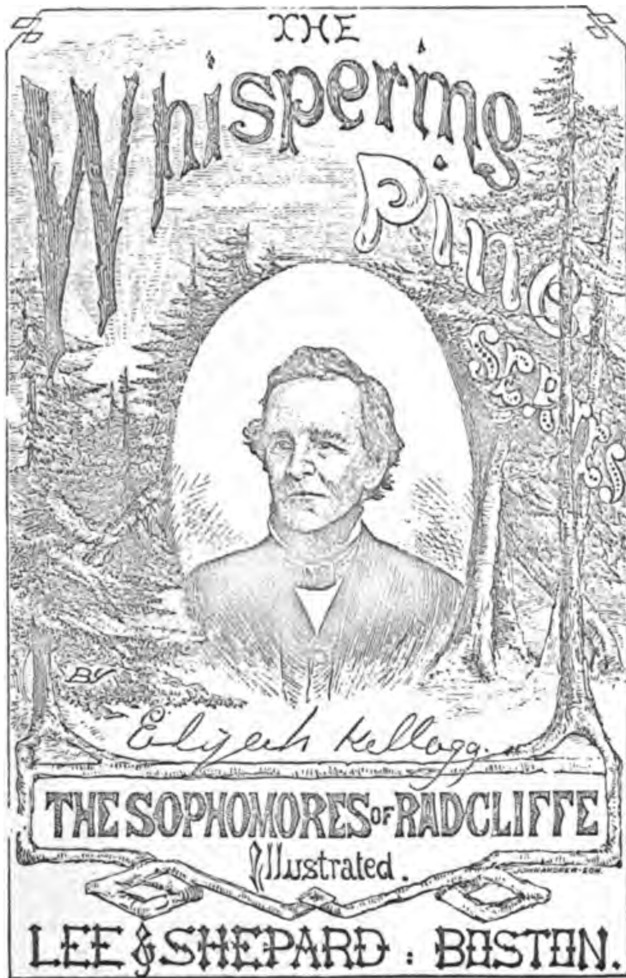

THE
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Series
BY
Elijah Kellogg
THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE
Illustrated.
LEE & SHEPARD : BOSTON.

THE SWAYING SPECTRE OF ELOQUENCE. Page 31.

THE WHISPERING PINE SERIES.

THE

SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE;

OR,

JAMES TRAFTON AND HIS BOSOM FRIENDS.

BY

ELIJAH KELLOGG,

AUTHOR OF "LION BEN OF ELM ISLAND," "CHARLIE BELL, THE WAIF OF ELM ISLAND," "THE ARK OF ELM ISLAND," "THE BOY-FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE YOUNG SHIP-BUILDERS OF ELM ISLAND," "THE HARDSCRABBLE OF ELM ISLAND," "ARTHUR BROWN, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN," "THE YOUNG DELIVERERS," ETC.

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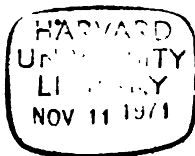

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PREFACE.

THAT portion of student life termed the sophomore year has obtained an unenviable notoriety. The sudden change that then takes place in all the relations of college life, the elation consequent upon passing at one stride from a subordinate to a higher position, and the college traditions connected with this period, all conspire to make it a trying one to youth whose minds are not yet matured, nor their habits consolidated, during which some fall, and but few rally. Many, who during the freshman year commenced to form bad habits, selected unworthy associates, and lost their interest in study, become rapidly and utterly demoralized when compelled to encounter the peculiar

temptations of the sophomore year. It is the design of this volume to speak of the gradual development of mind and heart in consequence of the influences brought to bear upon the student at this time; the necessity of practical knowledge to produce symmetry of character, and to insure success in life; the degree to which a struggle with difficulties and the influence of example foster mental hardihood, and develop innate energies.

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THE WHISPERING PINE SERIES.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

1. ***THE SPARK OF GENIUS;*** or, The College Life of James Trafton.

2. ***THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE;*** or, James Trafton and his Bosom Friends.

(Others in preparation.)

The [illegible]ispering Pine
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The Turning of [illegible]
A Stout [illegible]

THE SOPHOMORES OF RADCLIFFE.

CHAPTER I.

UNCLE JERRY AND HIS FAMILY.

WE must confess to our young friends a love for old associations and names, and inform them that when James Trafton had, with the utmost despatch, packed his trunk, he started in a good old-fashioned stage-coach for the "Gore," the old name of the town where the said James resided.

We cherish a most affectionate remembrance of an aged aunt, who was born and brought up at the Gore, and continued to live there after it was incorporated and became a thriving farming town; but she always sighed for the good old days, and maintained that there was not such heartsomeness in the intercourse of the people as among the neighbors at the Gore.

On many an evening, after playing all day in the snow, have we sat before her hospitable fire, our

mittens hung on the andirons to dry, and head pillowed in auntie's lap, while a row of red-cheeked apples was roasting on the hearth. Children can never wait long for anything. As we sat listening to the sputtering of the fruit, our mouths would water.

"Auntie, ain't the apples done?"

"No, my child, not more than half," — thrusting her knitting-needle into one.

"If they're half done, can't I eat one side, and then let the rest do some more?"

"O, no, dear! the juice would all run out, and the ashes get on them. Be patient, dear. I'll tell you a story about the Gore."

This was a sovereign remedy for impatience. The apples might sputter, and take their time.

The family of Uncle Jeremiah Williams were near neighbors of Squire Trafton, the father of James. Uncle Jerry was one of the most shrewd and practical of men, and had remonstrated with the squire in respect to sending his son to college, giving him to understand that he thought the land hardly worth the dressing. His family did not conform in the least in their modes of living, or the furniture of their house, to the changes of the times. On the mantel-piece stood the hour-glass; in the south window was the old sun-mark; two cranes in the fireplace, two ovens in the back; a large square stone in the corner of the hearth, to wash dishes on; a dye-pot and block between the jambs.

Auntie used to tell us in confidence that she considered Uncle Jerry Williams the salt of the 'arth. Our readers, therefore, whom we invite to take a peep at his fireside, may rest assured that they will behold just such a fireside as existed in the days of auntie, at the Gore.

The well-meant advice of Uncle Jerry to the squire had the effect to irritate, rather than to convince him, and only tended to ground him more thoroughly in the belief that there existed in his son a spark of genius, which he proceeded to fan by sending him to Bowdoin College, from which he was now returning to his fond and exultant parent, a callow sophomore, having completed his freshman year.

Neither the employments nor the conversation of Uncle Jerry's family (with a single exception) were of a literary character, and would not, in any respect, have suited the meridian of Squire Trafton's parlor.

One of the girls was spinning shoe-thread on a flax-wheel; for her father made and mended the shoes of his family, except that occasionally they bought a pair for best. The other daughter, with a bowl of clear water before her on the table, a little wooden instrument with teeth in it, and a bunch of rye straw, was platting braid for bonnets. She moistened the straw in water to make it pliable, split and flattened it out, and then with the little instrument divided it into equal parts, to

plat. This young lady made the bonnets of the family, and a great deal of braid to sell at a factory in Massachusetts, besides doing a good share of the housework. They were both soon to be married to well-to-do young farmers, who had at different times worked for Uncle Jerry in haying, the only time at which he ever hired. He never experienced the least difficulty in commanding the best labor in the neighborhood, the young men always going to Uncle Jerry to see if he wanted help before applying or engaging anywhere else. This was because he always paid good wages, fed his men abundantly, ate with them, and knew when a man did a day's work.

Squire Trafton had great difficulty in getting or keeping help by reason of his grandiloquent airs; thought, because men or women were hired, they were never sick or tired; neither did it matter much what they ate; and Mrs. Trafton generally contrived to have a churn on the floor, for a man to rest himself with when he came in tired from his day's work.

Uncle Jerry, although no friend to innovations, delicacies, and luxuries, was a most hospitable soul, and a bountiful provider in his way. His mode of reasoning on these subjects was most direct — that those that worked should eat, and those that would not work ought not to have anything to eat.

Uncle Jerry had an adopted son married; and the arrangement was, that the wedding should be

at the house of the bride's father, but the infare, or second day wedding, at Uncle Jerry's. It was the good old custom, when the Gore was the Gore, and Gore fashions prevailed, for the married pair, the clergyman, and all the guests, to sit down to a bountiful supper. In that fashion Uncle Jerry had been reared.

His wife and daughter, after a long struggle, had induced him to buy a satin vest to wear to the wedding; they would not probably have prevailed, had not his wife, as a final appeal, declared that he had as good a right to wear a nice vest as Squire Trafton, and he was a great deal better looking man, only dress him up half as well. Upon that he yielded. As all the family were going, Uncle Jerry got his old mother, who made her home with another son, to come and keep house for them.

"Now, Jerry," said the old lady, "mind what I tell you, and take kere. You know you're 'mazing apt to drop your vittels. I charge you to be kereful, and not grease that ere new boughten vest, that cost sich a sight."

"Yes, marm, I will."

But there was no grease there, to the great indignation of Uncle Jerry. They had a genteel, new-fashioned wedding; all stood up, and a little cake, cheese, and tea were passed round.

About eleven o'clock Uncle Jerry and his wife arrived home. The old lady was sitting up for

them. Uncle Jerry took the candle, and walking up to her, said,—

"Marm, look if you can see any grease on my vest. Now, wife, go down cellar, and get some beef, pork, cabbages, and potatoes, put on the pot, and let us have something to stay our stomachs."

The next day Uncle Jerry made the infare; and there was grease enough.

The squire, who was often quite amazed at seeing the facility with which men came at a whistle from Uncle Jerry, while he was plagued to get them at all (and they would often leave him with hay all ready to get in), said it was because the girls raked in the afternoon, and stowed away hay in the mow. Perhaps the squire was right, which showed that the boys of the Gore were possessed of good sense. They knew the girls who raked the hay had rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and strong arms, could bake, brew, make butter and cheese, and were just the help-meets enterprising young men wanted.

Tom was shelling corn; his mother had hung the big kettle over the fire, and was preparing a bag of ashes to hull some of it with. Sam was at work upon a clock, which, having taken it apart and cleaned, he was oiling.

The exception we have spoken of in this family was Henry, a fine, bright-looking boy of twelve, with light hair, blue eyes, and delicate features, who, seated on a low stool in the chimney corner,

was intently conning his school lesson by the firelight, as his sister with her braid, and Sam with his clock, monopolized the whole table. The father in the other corner was oiling the boots and shoes of the household. Directly before the fire, on the ample hearth, Watch was stretched in luxurious repose — one of the greatest dogs for shaking a coon, or digging out a woodchuck, to be found within ten miles; while Howard, the youngest boy, with a whole mortar full of salt and alum which he had pounded, was engaged in putting coon and muskrat skins in a tray, and strewing salt and alum on the flesh side. He was dressing them to make himself a cap and gloves for the next winter. These furs, by the joint efforts of himself and Watch, had been taken during the previous fall and latter part of the winter.

"Howard," said Sam, "you've skins enough there to clothe the whole family. Won't you give a fellow a coon skin?"

"You don't hardly ever give me anything."

"*Don't I?* Didn't I give you a bite of that great apple Bill Trafton gave me?"

"But you held your hand over it."

"Good reason for it. You wanted to bite almost the whole. I shouldn't have had a bite for the rest, and not one mite for myself."

"I'll give you a coon and a muskrat if you'll make me a sled and a yoke, so I can yoke up my steers."

"Agreed."

"Won't you give me a coon skin," said Tom, "if I'll give you that horn I've got for a powder-horn?"

"If you'll put a bottom in it, and make a stopper."

"I don't know how to make a handsome one."

"I will, Howard," said his father, "and scrape it down for you, so that you can see the kernels of powder."

"Won't you give *me* one?" asked Henry, looking up from his book.

"If you'll tell me a story. Will you, Henry?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Mother, I'll give you one for nothing. I've saved one, purpose to make you a muff."

"Boys," said Uncle Jerry (who had finished his work, and arranged the boots and shoes in regular ranks before the fire to dry in the oil), "don't you wish you were in Jim Trafton's shoes?"

"Why so, father?" asked Tom.

"O, that night I had the fall out with the squire, he told me he had had letters from him, and that he was getting along swimmingly. He's gin him his grandsir's watch, and expects nothing else but he's going to be governor, member of Congress, or President of these United States. He's coming home soon; so the hired man told me to-day at the blacksmith's shop. The square said you and I were jest made for clodhoppers. Jim's far above hauling logs, I tell you."

"Father, he never had wit enough to haul logs. Last fall, the hired man got mad, and left; his father sent him into the woods to get a load of dry wood and brush, and gave him a rope to bind it on with. Don't you think, he tied the rope to the rim of one wheel, brought it over the top of the load, and fastened it to the other. The wheels, of course, couldn't turn, and he ran home and told his father the oxen wouldn't haul."

"That's what the square expects; at any rate, he's going to send him through college."

"I'm sure I shonldn't want to be shut up in the house studyin'; 'twould kill me," said Tom. "I should have the headache all the time."

"I should like it," said Henry, "above all things."

"Ah, you are the little boy that don't love to work."

"Henry loves his book," interposed the mother; "but when he gets into the field, I don't see but he works as well as any of you."

"Yes," said Tom, "when he gets there."

Uncle Jeremiah made no remark; the blue-eyed boy in the corner was evidently very dear to the stern, shrewd old man. He would not join in the banter of the older boys, though his tendencies were all to the side of hard, unflinching toil; and he was quite inclined to think every one who was not occupied in physical labor a shiftless, lazy, unproductive member of society. Indeed he did not hesitate to say (when bored by the idleness and

want of thrift of some of his neighbors) that the bees took the proper method; they killed the drones, and flung them out.

The older boys were built, like him, with large, bony frames, swarthy complexion, hot, peppery temper, and, though they loved this younger brother, would sometimes (without intending it) treat him rather roughly, although they never failed to make amends when their ruder natures perceived they had wounded the feelings of this more sensitive boy, who resembled his mother both in looks and deportment.

"I should think, Hen," said Tom, "you had better help shell some of this corn; mother has taken part of it to hull, and I want to go to mill early in the morning. You're always over some book when there's any work to be done; but you'll be ready enough to eat the meal and hulled corn, after somebody else has shelled it."

"I haven't anything to shell with, Tom; you've got the tub and the auger."

Tom was shelling with a pod auger placed across a tub, with a board over it to sit on.

"There's an old scythe in the porch, and another tub down cellar; you can take mother's press-board to sit on, Mr. Laziness; I should think you'd studied enough for one day. I went into the barn after supper, and there was my gentleman sitting upon the milking-stool, reading a book, the cow chewing her cud, with one foot in the milk pail,

the bottom out of it, and ten quarts of milk all over the tie-up floor."

Henry made no reply; but as he laid aside his book, and rose from his seat, a tear rolled down his cheek. Tom was mollified in a moment.

"Sit down, Henry; don't cry. I can shell the corn; read your book as much as you please."

"Sit down, Henry," said Sam; "I have got this clock most done. I'll help shell the corn, and finish the clock to-morrow evening. Tom's only funning. I'm sure I wouldn't mind him."

"I'll do all I can; but I'm up to the head. The lesson is hard, and I don't want to get down."

"That's right, Henry," said Tom; "don't let anybody go ahead of you. I'd die first. I don't like to have anybody go ahead of me with a scythe or anything else. Put in, Hen. Sam and I had rather do all the work, chores and all, than have you get down."

"Boys," said the farmer, resuming his story, "the square come down here the night you were all gone over to Webster's, and quarrelled with me because I thought the crop wouldn't be likely to pay for the dressing. He told me to be plain-hearted, and that is my candid opinion."

"Father," said Sam, looking up from his work, "can they put wits into a man in college?"

"I don't calkerlate they can, any more than the mill men can make an oak log out of a hemlock by running it through a saw-mill."

"Then, father, I shouldn't think it would pay to send him."

"I don't pretend to be any judge of such matters; but it appears to me very much like the square's draining his Clarke field. He laid out four hundred dollars in draining and fencing; and the land was good for nothing when all was done. The land bore quite a growth of wood; and if he had let it alone, he might, for half the money expended there, have bought twice as much first-rate land. He runs off on an idea that he's going to send that boy to college, make a great sound, and a great man of him, get all the money back, and more too. It appears to me the property ain't there; that if he's going to wait for that, he'll have to wait a good while. I think 'twill be like Smikes Allen's horse."

"How was that, father?"

"Why, Smikes had an old horse, and was short of hay; so he turned the old horse out along in March, to shirk for himself. 'Your horse will starve,' said the neighbors. 'The grass is growing,' said Smikes. So it was; but the horse was dead long enough before it grew. I reckon that'll be the way with the great fortune the square expects that boy is going to make, and the great glorification he's going to be to the family; but till I see better reasons for changing it than I have yet, I shall stick to the opinion I've allus held, that while the grass is growing the horse will starve."

CHAPTER II.

THE SWAYING SPECTRE OF ELOQUENCE.

IT was a great occasion at Squire Trafton's when his son actually arrived home. The squire, seated in the parlor, smoothed down his silk hose, and insisted upon his son's beginning from the first day he entered college, going over the whole ground, and telling him all that had taken place.

James told him about Radcliffe Hall, and the rooms, and about his bosom friends, Morton, Savage, Hill, Perkins, Hathaway, Ferguson, Lowell, and Richardson.

The squire thought it singular that a young man so distinguished in his scholarship as Morton should labor, hoe potatoes, and even milk the president's cow, and was still more astonished when James told him he seemed to be held in greater respect on this account; that Richardson, whose parents were wealthy, helped him, and so did many others. He also told his father all about his being sick, and becoming as black as a negro, and the skill of Dr. L. in restoring him to his natural color, and also of all the kindness and care manifested by his classmates when he was sick.

"Indeed, James," said the squire, "you have fallen amongst a most excellent set of young gentlemen, who appreciate your abilities and genius; and what reason we have to be thankful for your recovery! What a loss to us and to the town — I may say (without nepotism) to the world — would it have been, had you been taken away! But how is it, my son, that you had none of these performances, that you have been telling me of, assigned to you? for I suppose they were marks of distinction. You tell me that Perkins had the oration, Richardson the poem, and Hathaway the song. Why was it you were not selected — one so capable of doing honor to yourself and the class?"

"Indeed, father, I might have had all or any of them; but I preferred to forego the honors in favor of my friends, who had been so kind to me in my sickness."

"That is a very amicable feeling, James. I shall tell Parson Bradford that you could have had all these honors, if you had not preferred others to yourself; but in future I would take them; it will be a great gratification to me, and should be to your mother, although she seems to have little appreciation of my feelings, and is more occupied with her cheese-tub, and the preparation of 'runnet,' than in the literary success of her son."

James did not lisp a word to his parent in respect to the Mohawks and the terrible Bloodyhand, or several other similar occurrences which occupy the pages of the previous volume.

"But, my son," said the squire, "it has cost a deal of money to carry you through this year, in addition to your board-bill and necessary expenses."

"Well, father, you know, when you are among gentlemen, you must bear your part. There are many expenses; there are initiation fees, assessments; sometimes a number of your friends want to go on a sail or a ride, invite you, and you must bear your part; sometimes the class make a present of books to the society library."

The truth was, James did not belong to any society, but he had spent a deal of money, and must account for it in some way. He did not wish to tell about the ten dollars that went into the hands of the Mohawk chief, or the money that had been paid for help in respect to lessons; and a lie did not appear in the same light to him as to Morton.

"Well, James, you must be as prudent as possible; it is a great deal of money to pay. I shall have to sell the ten-acre lot to Jerry Williams, that he has been wanting so long; but I shall not regret it by and by, when I see you among the distinguished men of our country, swaying the spectre of eloquence over adoring audiences."

The squire saved up all the grandiloquent and sonorous words that at different times dropped from his son, and frequently asked him to translate passages in Cicero and Virgil, which James was

very safe in doing; since, if he could not translate the author's meaning, he could substitute one of his own, and the squire not know the difference.

The squire also endeavored to impress upon his son the great importance of attending to declamatory exercises, and especially to speak loud and in a sonorous tone; that he had excellent lungs, and there was a great deal more in sound than there was in sense; that he often read in books about sounding periods. He further informed his son that he had often noticed an illustration of this principle in the case of himself and Uncle Jerry Williams in town meeting, in parish meetings, and when the school district met; that although he possessed so much sense, and Uncle Jerry so moderate a share, and had moreover enjoyed such scanty privileges compared with himself, yet Uncle Jeremiah's motions were sure to pass, while scarcely any attention was paid to his; one reason of which, doubtless, was owing to jealousy of his wealth and superior advantages; but another, and which contributed more directly to this result, was, that Uncle Jeremiah always spoke in loud, commanding tones, as though he was master carter at a hauling, while Nature, so bountiful in all other respects, had denied to him the blessing of a good voice. He therefore besought James to improve his gift; told him that the woods and fields, while he was at home, afforded *him* an excellent opportunity for practice; advised him to commit a

good piece and practise, so as to be prepared upon his return to college; and even went so far as to promise him an increase of spending-money, if he would exert himself in that direction.

The squire paid very little attention to his other son, William; cherished no ambitious hopes in respect to him: although resembling his mother (a prudent, sensible, industrious woman), he was a hard-working, intelligent boy, and as much *liked* by Uncle Jerry and his boys as James was *disliked.*

William felt that a great distinction was made between himself and James, and perhaps thought, with Uncle Jerry, that so much money expended upon the education of James was not very wisely invested; for one day, as they were trying to get some young crows out of a nest, James was well up towards the top of the tree, when his heart failed him, and he exclaimed, "O, Bill, s'pose I should fall down among these rocks, and hit my head on one; my brains would fly all over the pasture."

"Go on and get the crows; you haven't got brains enough to cover a beech leaf."

James had now been at home a week, called upon parson Bradford, lawyer Bosworth, and the magnates of the village, when, on one of his morning walks, he met Tom Williams driving a team loaded with dressing. Tom stopped the cattle, and put out his hand, with, "Good morning, James;" but Trafton passed on without a look or

word of recognition. Tom was a high-spirited boy; he took hold of the small end of the goad-stick, intending to lay the butt across Trafton's shoulders; but resisting the impulse, he went on, muttering, "The puppy! how different from Bill! all the one of the family who has any sense, except the mother. I'll be upsides with you one of these days, my young gentleman, or my name's not Tom Williams."

Our readers are aware that Uncle Jerry's boys were accustomed to break the fid, and their resolves generally bore fruit.

Although James was naturally indolent, yet he had not, like the generality of college students, a dislike to declamation. He possessed a very retentive memory, committed easily, and was not in the least troubled with diffidence, liking anything which savored of display. He foresaw abundant occasion for spending-money the next term, as the studies would be more difficult, requiring more help from others. His father's offer, therefore, so much in harmony with his inclinations, excited him to strenuous effort; he forthwith committed a piece, read it aloud in his room, and declaimed it in the barn. Although the town in which James resided had grown fast, having both lumber and water power, yet the country was comparatively new, and wild beasts by no means a rarity. Bears came into the cornfields occasionally, frightened the children who were picking blueberries and cran-

berries, and a wolf sometimes made havoc among the sheep.

The ten-acre piece referred to by the squire, in his conversation with James, joined some land owned by Uncle Jerry, who wanted to buy it, and the squire, who was often in want of ready money, owing to his thriftless habits and the expenses of James's education, had been thinking of selling it to him. It was covered with a very heavy growth of large beeches, mixed with birch (clear of underbrush), and which ran to a great height before branching. It was a beautiful spot at night, when the rays of the sun came slanting through the tree limbs, and very lonely, being far from any house or road. Here Trafton was fond of going, the latter part of the afternoon, to declaim, and hear, in fancy, the plaudits of the vast assembly that were one day to be thrilled by his eloquence.

Tom Williams was on his father's lot looking for a white oak butt to make an axe handle, when, hearing a great noise, he directed his steps towards the sound, and peering cautiously through the trees, saw James mounted on a stump, gesticulating and declaiming with all his might.

The refusal of James to notice Tom had cut deep, excited very bitter feelings in the heart of Tom, and indeed of the whole family, when he related the matter at home. Uncle Jerry declared it was outrageous, and when Tom said he would be upsides with him, made no objection. As Tom beheld

James on the stump he felt that the opportunity offered.

When he got home, a council, composed of all the brothers, was held in Uncle Jerry's haymow. By daylight the next morning, the plans there matured took shape. The stump, the orator's rostrum, stood near the division fence, between the land of Squire Trafton and Uncle Jerry. On one side of the stump were two tall beeches, and, ranging between them, about fifteen feet distant, a yellow birch about four inches in diameter, somewhat dwarfed by the shade of the larger trees. The space between the fence and the beech nearest to it was filled up by a close mat of bushes, thorn and hazel, difficult to get through.

To this growth, with the early dawn, the boys took their way with all the requisite materials to execute their designs. The first thing was to cut two wedge-shaped notches in the trees, with saw and chisel, and high up into these they fitted a stiff piece of oak plank in such a manner that the plank, resting upon the point of the wedge, which was not sharp, but blunt, was held firmly against an up-and-down strain, but would be dislodged by the least cant either backward or forward. They next fastened a threefold cord of moose-hide to the top of the birch, bent it down by their united force with great difficulty, — for the spring was very great, — and fastened it to the cross-bar with sufficient of the thong below the cross-bar to form a

large loop, the lower part of which was just the height of James's waist, and hung the loop between the trees on some little knots. They then cut some branches of the beeches half off, and bent them down so that their foliage hid the cross-bar. The thong of moose-hide, between the trees, was not likely to attract notice towards night, when it was quite dark in the forest. Finally, they flung together, in a very irregular way, old logs, limbs, and dead bushes, making a sort of barricade, extending from the beeches some distance beyond the stump, insomuch that it was a great deal easier for a person in haste, and wishing to go in the direction of the two beeches, to pass between them, than in any other way, there being a log fence on one side, and a mass of old stuff, much worse to get over, on the other.

At evening of the same day, as the shadows began to fall in the forest, James Trafton made his appearance in high feather. He had declaimed before his father, who, delighted, had made him a present of five dollars, and he was to speak that evening before a circle of friends and relatives, whom his father had invited.

The piece selected by him was a very energetic one, calculated, as he thought, to display all his powers, being the interview between Lochiel and the Highland seer.

James, with a magnificent gesture and expression of mingled courage and disdain, and in tones

that made the woods reverberate, was repeating the lines, —

> "Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
> This mantle, to cover the phantom of fright," —

when he was interrupted by a horrible growl; and looking on his right hand he beheld a most attentive audience, consisting of an old bear and two cubs. In mortal fear, he took the readiest way of escape, and darted between the beeches, though it took him farther into the forest, for he dared not climb a fence with three bears at his heels. The slight resistance presented by the noose was unperceived in his headlong rush. Away went the cross-bar, the liberated tree recoiled, and James was hanging in the air. The noose was not a running one, or it might have extinguished the spark of genius; but James hung suspended by the thong, which, crossing his breast and passing beneath the armpits, held him securely.

His first thought was, that he was safe from the wild beasts; but he was soon convinced to the contrary, for the old bear, advancing, rose growling on her hind legs, and he found that his feet were not entirely beyond her reach. She began with the tips of her claws to endeavor to get at him; he uttered the most heart-rending shrieks, while she clawed off both his shoes and stockings, and drew blood from his feet; finally, getting hold of his trousers with both fore paws, she began to

draw down the tree, when it seemed probable she would get him wholly in her power. He now gave himself up for lost, especially when the cubs, apparently as ferocious as the parent, stood up on their hind legs and began to get hold of his legs, now brought within their reach. His screams might have been — were — heard more than a mile away, by the miller, even when the mill was going; but, fortunately for him, the cloth gave way, and up went the limb.

At this moment of extremity he espied Tom Williams coming along with a gun on his shoulder.

"Thomas, *dear Thomas*," he cried, "the bear is eating me up; fire, *do fire*, and kill her!"

Tom, however, passed along without even turning his head. The voices of men shouting were now heard, and the old bear took to flight, followed by her cubs. The party who came to his aid consisted of his father and brother William, the squire's hired man, and four of the neighbors, who had been alarmed by the screams of James. James, with the blood dripping from his lacerated feet, the expression of mingled terror and agony that sat upon his face, as the tree moved up and down with the momentum it had received from the efforts of the bears, seemed already to foreshadow the fond hopes of his parent, and to be swaying the spectre of eloquence.

The declamation for that evening was postponed.

"I tell you what it is, Jim," said William, as

they went home; "if you calculate to go rambling through the woods, screeching, gunning, and fishing, you'd better go down to Uncle Jerry's and apologize to Tom, and not go round putting on airs among your old schoolmates."

CHAPTER III.

PUNGENT, BUT WHOLESOME.

IT may well be supposed that James Trafton had not the most distant idea of making an apology to Tom Williams. What, the son of Squire Trafton, of Oakwood, a student in college, and a sophomore, apologize to a clod-hopper!

But William was determined he should, and also that the squire should be reconciled to his father. This, indeed, would not have been a matter of any great difficulty under ordinary circumstances, for they were frequently falling out and getting together again. The squire could not get along a great while without Uncle Jerry, and the spats which took place between them, and reconciliations immediately following, served to give zest and variety to his otherwise muddy and monotonous existence.

But the squire's heart was bound up in James, and the trick played upon his son had cut deeper than anything else, especially as a number of the neighbors were present, and witnessed the ludicrous exhibition. On the other hand, the squire

wanted to sell the ten-acre lot, and knew that Uncle Jerry would give more for it than anybody else, and pay the cash.

William Trafton and Tom Williams were great friends, and always had been: so were Mrs. Trafton and Uncle Jerry, being distant relatives, and they wanted the old harmony restored, both feeling that James deserved all he got.

"Jim," said Will, the next night, after they went to bed, "have you been down to Uncle Jerry's yet?"

"No; nor I don't intend to go."

"What's the reason?"

"Because I think he owes me an apology, instead of me him; to go and frighten anybody almost to death, tear my feet and clothes, and then string me up on a tree!"

"Well, what did you do to him? Here's Tom Williams, a better fellow than ever stood in your boots, liked and respected by every one in town, has forgotten more than you ever knew; you have always been to school together, and when you were younger, and before you got such high notions, you used to play with him. He meets you on the road, calls you by name, is glad to see you, and offers to shake hands; you pass right along as though he'd been a dog. If it had been me, I would have lathered you with the ox-goad as long as there was a foot of it left. Tom is a high-spirited fellow. I don't see, for the life of me, why *he* didn't."

William, determined to carry his point, resolved to attack James at a very vulnerable spot, and to appeal to his fears.

"There are plenty of partridges in the birches on the back side of Greenwood Hill, any quantity of trout in Seven-mile Brook, and pickerel in Uncle Jerry's pond. Some men got five raccoons day before yesterday out of one hollow tree, and Ned Anderson shot two deer last Friday. Do you calculate, when so much game is afoot, to sit in the house from morning till night?"

"No, I'm sure I don't; I mean to have a real good time hunting and fishing."

"Then you'd better see Tom, or 'twill be as much as your life's worth. The wolves will be after you next; you'll get into a bear-trap, and break your legs short off, or you'll be strung up by the neck, instead of by the middle."

"But father don't go down there now, and he don't allow us to go; so how can I?"

"If father and Uncle Jerry get together again, will you do it?"

"Yes, for I'm sure I can't stay in the house all the time; it will be no vacation at all; just like being in jail."

William persuaded his mother to make trial of her influence over the squire. At first she seemed to produce little impression.

"Do you think," said the squire, "I can ever forget the insult his boys (I have no doubt with

his connivance) have offered to me in the person of James, a young man of intellect, refinement, and the most delectable abilities?"

"It's my opinion, husband, that James deserves all he got. Tom Williams is a good boy — good company enough for James, you, or anybody else."

"Woman, you are beside yourself; you have never had the advantages of a liberal education, and know not how to appreciate rare abilities; you have no conception of the powers of your own offspring, and would level James to a clod-hopper."

"I know how to get a living, which is more than can be said of some folks; and I think you are bringing up James in a very foolish way. I'm tired of slaving, calculating, and saving, only to have it thrown away."

"Thrown away!"

"Yes, thrown away. It's my opinion that if you would put James at work, as you do William, and go to work yourself, you would get along; otherwise I see plainly enough that you will, with your improvements, the education of James, and bad bargains, spend your property faster than ever your father earned it."

"Woman, you concern yourself with things beyond your sphere; keep to your cheese-tub, your washing and ironing, and leave the affairs of nations and the education of youth to wiser heads; make your soap, and leave to others the care of expanding genius."

"It is not above my comprehension that you sold the Emery lot, a fortnight ago, to George Hanson, for six hundred dollars, and yesterday he sold it to James Small for nine hundred, and thus took three hundred dollars right out of you. I think I can comprehend that."

The squire winced.

"I was a little short there, I confess, wife."

"Well, husband, don't you think you always get along better when you are on good terms with Uncle Jerry, and take his advice? You know that, after all, Uncle Jerry's as good a friend as you have in the world; and I've heard you say, that you didn't think he would wrong any man out of a cent for his right hand."

"I say so to-day."

"Well, then, why can't you be friends again? If you had not fallen out with him, you would not have lost that three hundred dollars."

"Don't say any more about that, wife; you can't expect, after all that has passed, that I shall make the first advance. I can't, and I won't; but I do wish he would happen to fall in my way somewhere."

After supper that evening, Mrs. Trafton put her shawl over her head, slipped out of the house, and took a by-path to Uncle Jerry's.

"Good evening, Mary," said Uncle Jerry, delighted to see her; "you are as welcome as flowers in May."

After chatting a while, Mrs. Trafton said, —

"You know I always want to see the pigs."

"Wal, now, we've got two as nice ones as there is in town; one spring pig, and t'other a hog wintered over."

"Our pigs ain't much. I've tended them as well as I knew how; but they fat up, and don't grow."

Uncle Jerry led the way to the sty. After looking at the pigs, Mrs. Trafton said, —

"Jerry, why don't you come over? I want to see you. I don't suppose you have any hardness with me."

"Massy sakes, what makes you say so. You know better than that. Hain't we been jest like brother and sister ever since we were children? But you know the square and I had a kind of a ruption about that Mr. Quickerrow; *he* don't come here, and so *I* don't come to your house."

"Well, I wish all the Latin and Greek were 'long of Pharaoh's chariot wheels. I think, Jerry, if you would happen in, my husband would be right glad to see you."

Two days after this, Uncle Jerry was preparing to start for the mill with six oxen and a very heavy load of logs; and when the boys were putting on the cattle, Sam said, —

"Father, this draught-chain won't do; one of the links is cracked; it will never do for four oxen to haul by."

"Wal, put it on the forward cattle; it will hold one yoke. I want to take it with me, to get it mended."

Uncle Jerry started. At the bottom of the hill, upon which Squire Trafton lived, was a bad place in the road — a deep rut at the end of the water-course, that made a square trig for a wheel; but there was plenty of room to shun it. Just before Uncle Jerry reached the water-course, he stopped the team, took the cracked chain off the leading cattle, and put it on to the middle ones, so that two yoke of cattle hauled by it; he then drove boldly into the deep rut, when the wheel brought up. Uncle Jerry put the brad into the oxen, and away went the chain.

"There," said he, "I told you so; just what Sam said; there's a pretty how-do-you-do. Now the link has flown into the brook. I can't make a fid. I've got no axe. I must go up to Square Trafton's and borrow one."

The squire, hearing the outcry, went to the window, when he saw Uncle Jerry coming towards the house, and, running out, gave him his hand, and invited him to walk in.

"Much obleeged, square; but I've broke my draught-chain, and I wanted the loan of an axe, to make a fid."

"I can lend you a chain, Jerry."

"Much obleeged. I can fid it, so that it will do just as well; but I ain't sure as the cattle can haul

the load, and I may stand in need of a yoke of your oxen to help me out."

"Take 'em; do take 'em; I want you to take 'em. William has got four oxen yoked in the barn-yard. I wouldn't pull my cattle when there's no need of it. 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast.'"

"You hain't got it right, square. It's 'A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.' However, it's about the same thing."

William, greatly delighted, had been listening to the conversation behind the fence, and now appeared with the oxen.

James had no longer an excuse, and started the next morning for Uncle Jerry's.

William, while hauling the load out of the mud-hole, had given Uncle Jerry a hint of what would probably take place, in order that Tom might not be altogether unprepared for the interview. Bitter was the trial to the vanity of poor James; every step which he took in the required direction cost him a pang. Instead of going along the main road, directly towards the house, he approached it on the back side, hoping he might see Howard, Sam, or Henry, before Tom, and thus break the ice, as he felt less afraid of them than of Tom; but none of them were to be seen. Uncle Jerry's pasture lay some distance from the house, and was reached by a lane, running between two fields. At the end was a gate opening

into the pasture, and in the fences on either side, a pair of bars, which gave entrance to the fields.

In doubt what to do, James sauntered along this lane, when, as he ascended a little rise, he came directly upon Tom, driving a pair of wild steers. Upon one side of the lane, the two top bars were down. The steers instantly jumped over into the field, in order to get back to the other cattle in the pasture. Seizing the opportunity, James ran after and drove them out, while Tom coming up on the other side, they met face to face.

"Much obliged, James," said Tom, extending his hand, which, this time, James grasped and shook. The refractory qualities of the steers furnished matter for conversation, and they went to the house, where he was received as cordially as though nothing had occurred to disturb the former pleasant relations. James went fishing with the boys, and spent the entire day, returning home at night heartily ashamed of his former conduct, and having learned a valuable lesson.

There was not another bear, wolf, catamount, or wild beast of any description, other than deer, coon, and rabbits, seen that season, and James roamed the woods free from molestation.

CHAPTER IV.

CORROSIVE PIETY DEFEATS ITSELF.

"FATHER," said Sam Williams, "Jim Trafton has got to be quite a decent fellow; to be sure, more stuck up than he was before he went to college; but I think we've taken some of the starch out of him. He certainly has learned something; and when he puts off his airs, as he has to-day, is quite good company."

"May be so, may be not," said Uncle Jerry, who was not wont to surrender readily an opinion maturely formed. "I guess he's a good deal like Jasper Johnson's butter."

"How was that, father?"

"Wal, Jasper was a very bashful kind of a boy — dreadful 'fraid of strangers. He and my brother Robert, John Remick, and William Ross were invited to tea at Square Southgate's; so his mother she gives him his lesson before he goes. 'Jasper,' says she, 'they are very smart, particular folks up to Square Southgate's, and you must mind how you behave; look at John Remick, and pattern by him; he's been about a good deal. Don't touch knife

or fork till all are helped, and the old folks begin to eat; and whatever they give you, be sure you praise it to the nines, and say 'How nice this is!' Jasper he sat all of a tremble on the edge of his chair. They had rather a small piece of butter on the table, considering it was company, and so many to eat. When Mrs. Southgate handed the plate of butter along to Jasper, to take some, he says, as he put it on his plate, 'This is very nice butter, what there is of it.' The other boys couldn't help kind of smiling. Jasper thought he'd made some kind of a blunder, and, half scared to death, blurted out, 'And there's plenty of it, such as it is.' I kalkerlate that's about the way with Jim Trafton; he's a nice fellow, what there is of him, and there's plenty of him, sich as 'tis."

One thing, however, is certain — that James Trafton never exhibited his conceit in an offensive manner, after that, before his old schoolmates, and the feelings cherished towards him in the neighborhood, at his departure, were very different from those excited by his first appearance among them in vacation.

The change that had taken place in Richardson during the year excited no small surprise at home. His mother found, to her astonishment, that he was up and out of doors when she rose, whereas she used to have hard work to get him up to breakfast. The hired help declared it was quite a sight to see his room, it was so neat and orderly; before,

he was accustomed to fling everything down just as he took it off; now everything was in its place, his clothes hung up, books and papers arranged. His father, who was a man of a great deal of energy, and quite methodical, was highly gratified at the report; while his uncle, delighted with his robust, manly appearance, expressed his approbation in no measured terms.

"I always knew the stuff was there, and if you could only be put where you had to carry your own wood and water, instead of having it carried for you, you would do as well as the next one."

"I wish you could see his room, uncle," said his sister Mary; "it looks as neat as mine."

"Morton," replied Richardson, "would give me fits if I didn't keep the room in order; or, what would make me feel worse, he would do it himself."

"He took a nap the other day after dinner," said Mary, "and when he got up, made the bed himself."

"To be sure, we have to learn to make beds, if we don't want them to go unmade; the woman who takes care of the room makes them in the morning; if we tumble them after that, it's our own lookout."

"Do all the young men take such good care of their rooms, and keep them in such order?" asked his mother.

"*Take care of them!* Half of them look like a

pig-sty. O, mother, I wish you could see Hill's room: perhaps it won't be half an hour after the bed is made in the morning, before he, Perk, Hathaway, or some one will get on it with their boots on, lie there and read, and mud the quilt all over, or perhaps get into a scrabble, and tear the bed all to pieces, and he'll sleep on it just as it is. His bedroom is half full of old boots and shoes, books without any covers, pigeon's heads, feathers, and legs."

"Mercy sakes! I should think the woman that sweeps would clean it."

"When the woman finds a boy takes no care of his room, she gets cross and discouraged, and does as little as possible. I wish you could see his study table, the spread all soaked with ink and grease, blacking brushes, broken pipes, stumps of cigars, old gloves, letters, pens, wafers, sealing-wax, and books all mixed up together; and when he wants room, away they all go on to the floor. There's a whole lot of books full of bullet-holes."

"Bullet-holes?"

"Yes, mother. Hill has a pair of pistols; he, Savage, and Perkins had a shooting gallery in his room. They piled up a lot of books on top of the bureau to stop the balls, and fired at marks. Perk hit Hill's elbow one day just as he was going to pull the trigger, and the bullet went through the looking glass. Hill put the biggest piece between the leaves of a book, and drove a nail through to

keep the book together, and that was all the glass he had for the rest of the term."

"How is it," asked his father, "that your expenses, instead of increasing, diminish? You have spent less money during the last part of the year, than the first term, in proportion."

"That was Mort's doings, father. We began with wine, as all the rest did; but Mort said, that as we both wanted to make the most of ourselves, and have a quiet room, and we couldn't have that and the wine too, and drinking was a thing that was apt to grow on a fellow, he moved we should give up keeping it in the room, and then we should know who our friends were who came to see us, and who to drink our liquor. I knew there was another reason that he wouldn't mention."

"What was that?" asked his father.

"That he couldn't afford the expense, and wouldn't drink at mine. By this time I had found Mort out through and through, and had begun to respect and love him; so I would have made any sacrifice to please him. That is what reduced the expenses, father."

"How did you happen to fall in with Mort, as you call him?"

"We met in the stage, and I 'cottoned' to him at once."

"It is not always safe to put unlimited confidence in people at first sight. I have known some great rascals who have prepossessing faces;

but it has proved an excellent thing for you in this instance, having lighted upon such a room-mate."

"I've found out one thing, father."

"What is that, my son?"

"That the set a fellow gets into, when he enters college, has more to do with keeping him straight than all the other influences that surround him there."

"I'll tell you what it is, Clement," said the uncle, who had been an attentive listener; "the boy has the right of it, and it would have paid you well to have put this Morton through college just to have him room with my nephew, if they had not come together of their own accord. I doubt, however, whether it would be the best thing for Morton."

"If I was going to send another boy to college," said Mrs. Richardson, "I would put him with a real good, pious young man, who would never do anything out of the way, nor let my son, and would have a care of him."

"You might miss it awfully, mother, and it might be just the means of making him 'cut up.' There was Tom Steele came to college as good a boy as need be, and his folks put him to room with Kendall, a real good, religious fellow; and it's the opinion of Mort and all us Radcliffers that Kendall ruined him."

"That is *impossible*."

"No, it ain't, mother. Tom was a pleasant,

wide-awake boy; of course didn't feel just like Kendall, and sometimes would have company that was a little noisy — not in study hours; but Kendall would make a great fuss, though the room belonged to Tom as much as it did to him. He was always smelling round, watching Steele, and trying to make him go to private meetings, that he had no heart to, and he didn't do it in a pleasant way. The upshot was, that, as Tom was a high-spirited boy, and could not like Kendall with all his good meaning, he went to other students' rooms, and made associates he would not have made, got tight, and then, afraid to go back and face Kendall, who, he knew, would talk to him two or three hours, and write home to his parents, slept in other fellows' rooms on a lounge, and the first thing Kendall knew he was a perfect sot. Now, there's Morton; he's so manly and noble in everything he does, that he influences the whole of us. There's Perk, Savage, and Hathaway, naturally wild fellows; he's made them all over. There's Hill, when he's had a spree, and is sitting on the stool of repentance, so cross and ugly none of us dare to speak to him, will go and confess to Mort, and get him to go out and walk in the woods with him. If Mort wants us to do anything, we're sure to do it; he isn't religious, don't pretend to be, though you couldn't coax him to stay away from meeting, or swear, or make light of anything good; but he's just as full of fun and principle as

he can stick. I tell you, mother, if Tom Steele had been put to room with Mort, or had been left to choose his own nest-mate, just as the birds do, he would have been one of the likeliest fellows in college. He was not naturally ill inclined, and would have been likely to have found a good chum, or, if not, would have left him and got another, or roomed alone; but being chained up to an uncongenial chum, he was prejudiced against everything good, and tempted to seek the company of fast fellows."

CHAPTER V.

COLLEGE TIES.

THE autumn was now far advanced, and the first term of the sophomore year close at hand, commencement, in those days, being in September, instead of July, as at present.

The inmates of Radcliffe were summoned from their vacation sports and social enjoyments to college tasks and companionships. The change was not unwelcome; that longing for home and desire for relaxation, so strong at the close of the last term, having been gratified, they began again to look forward with delight to tasks which disuse had robbed of monotony, and to pleasures which absence had invested with new charms.

Around college pursuits, friendships, and pleasures, there lingers an aroma that flings its fragrance over the whole after-life.

When association recalls from the haunted cells of memory those familiar scenes and faces, a chord is touched over which time seems to exert no influence; ideas present themselves to which the heart of age responds as readily as that of youth;

so subtile in their nature as to elude the power of language either to grasp or convey, and which (while many other associations, pursuits, and modes of thought are outgrown, and cease to interest) increase in strength as time rolls on.

As the little rings on the branches of a tree mark the growth of the previous summer, so each year of college life is, in respect to every thoughtful boy, a measure of mental and moral growth, and, as such, invested with increasing interest.

These youths had already passed through one of the periods indicated, and, standing upon the threshold of another, were to absorb the spirit and feel more directly the influence of that sentiment which inspires and moulds the thought of those who enter upon college life. Potent as impalpable, it is made up of many different influences, like concentric circles, tending to one common centre — the ordinary fellowship of kindred pursuits as students; ties growing out of their relations as members of societies, classmates, and chums; personal attachments formed at a period of life when youthful sympathies meet and mingle like the interlacing of green summer foliage. We may thus, perhaps, convey to those wanting actual experience some ideas of the influences which, like an atmosphere, surround, and, like some mighty solvent, assimilate the sympathies of those who have separated themselves to intermeddle with all knowledge, more especially when hallowed by a

mutual desire for the development of the spiritual nature, and love to God. Well do the lines of the poet, written within college walls and inspired by its influence, illustrate the theme.

> "My brother, we have wandered here,
> Linked by the ties that are most dear,
> And sacred to the human soul;
> Our feelings gushed without control
> Of those cold fetters fashioned by
> That wayward king, Society.
> We the same pang and pleasure felt,
> At the same shrine of worship knelt,
> And knew the same celestial glow
> That wild and burning spirits know
> In the bright dreamy days of youth,
> Ere visions have been chilled by truth."

It matters not how great the actual ills of life may be, or in what borrowed hues of sable a diseased fancy may have arrayed them; here, at least, is a spot where verdure never withers; here are scenes which memory loves to recall, pleasures, vanished indeed forever, but whose footprints we delight to contemplate; there is nothing like it, nor can be again. No after-affections will rival, for it lies on a different plane; nor blot, for it has preoccupied the soil; nay, it is the soil itself. Like the shield of Æneas, of celestial temper, seven times rolled, that both protected from hostile darts and predicted the future on its ample verge, they present to the worn spirit a retreat from corroding cares, and render it possible to

retain the fond illusions of youth, while the most puerile efforts of that formative period are but the gray light which betokens the coming dawn, prophetic of future maturity and power.

In an address delivered before the alumni of Bowdoin College, Professor Packard thus speaks in relation to those early presages: "A friend of my own, who edited the United States Literary Gazette, published in Boston in 1824–1826, once asked me about a young man in our college who sent him some fine poetry. It was Longfellow — a fair-haired youth, blooming with health and early promise. I reported well of him, as one whose scholarship and character were quite equal to his poetry."

The effect follows naturally from its cause; and all human plans and institutions partake of the frailties and imperfections of those who originate them; and for this reason it happens that evil results from the very methods devised to accomplish good. Neither can it be denied that the impulses of college life which bind young men together in such lifelong and peculiar ties as students, chums, classmates, and members of societies, like many other good and great influences, are susceptible of being perverted to disastrous ends. But so are all the natural laws, chemical forces, and even sacred writ itself; yet we do not desire the abrogation of the one, or the destruction of the other. Those who have accomplished

the most in the world are not the men who, proposing to themselves an impossible standard of perfection, fail to effect any really good or great results, but those who, looking at men and things —not as they *ought* to be, but as they *really are*, and considering not so much what *should* as what *can* be accomplished, are content to accept the situation, and make the most of it.

Influenced by ideas of this nature, and others more or less visionary, some have supposed that the root of all disorders was to be found, not in the nature of mind itself, but in the peculiar spirit of class caste and fraternal sympathy, fostered by the established collegiate system.

Reluctance to expose ill-doers, connivance at wrong even by those not participants, readiness to shield offenders, together with combinations to defeat the measures of the faculty and the administration of justice, were all to be traced to this prolific source. According to them, the remedy was to be found in the annihilation of that spirit, by cutting off the sources of its power, breaking up the whole system of college dormitories, and separating students as much as possible; or, in other words, sowing discord and cultivating selfishness. A peculiar attachment and confidence grow up between you and the boy who studies by the same light, warms his feet by the same fire, shares your couch, and with whom you toil over hard passages and difficult problems, enjoy to-

gether the presents sent from home, criticise each other's themes, applaud each other's efforts, and between whom and yourself there is going on a constant interchange of those little sacrifices for each other's comfort and attention to each other's wants that rivet more closely the bonds of affection.

Because those general sympathies existing between roommates and classmates, and in a lesser degree between the whole fraternity, were sometimes invoked for evil purposes, it was contended that they should be ignored, and students isolated as much as possible. So much money, it was said, expended in bricks and mortar, that might much better be applied to the purchase of books and philosophical apparatus! Down with the dormitory; have only a chapel, laboratory, and recitation-room. But, as in some similar cases, the remedy is infinitely worse than the disease. Whenever, and to whatever degree, this attempt has been made, it has proved an utter failure.

It was found that those students who boarded and roomed away from the rest lost all interest in each other as students; would not unite in any game of football, or anything else; felt no enthusiasm or attachment to the college as a college, or the class as a class; and would not be likely in after-life to concern themselves in the interest or welfare of the institution.

A great deal of money is expended, to be sure,

in bricks and mortar; so there is in memorial halls, in marbles, bronze, and granite, to perpetuate the memory of noble deeds, and of those who served well their Maker and their generation; and in both instances the money is well spent, and put to a glorious usury.

The associations connected with those old halls, trodden by the feet of men of lofty purpose and true scholarship, are valuable; they appeal to the finest and deepest sympathies of the soul, and stir young and gifted spirits like a clarion.

Some years ago we gave an arm to an aged scholar to assist him in going over the library and college rooms at Dartmouth. As we approached an alcove, he took down one volume of a set. "Our class," said he, "presented these books." After going over the library, he wished to visit a certain room; no sooner had he entered it than he made his way to a window, and began to decipher the names cut on the shutter. "This," said he, in a voice broken by sobs, "is my old room; that is the name of my chum; the one under it is that of a young man who roomed over us; the other two, of young men who roomed in the same end; and the last one is my own. Sixty years ago last June, when I was sixteen years of age, with these fingers I cut that name. They are all gone but me. I shall soon follow; but I wanted to visit this spot once more."

Thus the inventors discovered that they had

originated a plan, which, while it by no means accomplished the purpose designed, effectually broke the charm of college life, destroyed interest, removed a strong stimulant to effort, the "élan" that operates so powerfully among the nobler spirits of a class, and would, could the principle become dominant, render those words, "alma mater" (so dear to the heart of every scholar), destitute of significance; for is not the very idea of mother connected with fireside joys and the social meal?

The college spirit opposes an effectual barrier to any disposition on the part of the faculty to exercise injustice or undue severity.

The faculty of a college may be, and often is, composed of persons who, though eminently qualified for instructors, are at the same time deficient in that practical knowledge of men and things which in their position is no less important. They are, in general, somewhat advanced in life, and may have outlived their youthful sympathies, and are, perhaps, incapable of making proper allowance for indiscretion of which they were never guilty, or estimating the force of temptations they never felt.

A college officer of petulant temper and strong prejudices might, in government meeting, obtain a vote to inflict some unjust or disproportioned penalty upon a student; but when the wrong is glaring enough to rouse the college sense of justice, the whole fraternity rises in arms.

If a spirit of insubordination and mischief, taking advantage of these sympathies, sometimes runs riot, and seems for a while to confound all distinction between good and bad,—if students at times take the horses from the carriage, and themselves draw to the place of departure some subjects of condign punishment,—there is no occasion for alarm, because there is a substratum of sense and principle in the mass that renders the effervescence brief in proportion to its violence.

Grave mistakes are often made by considering and treating students as boys. They are boys, to be sure, taken collectively; but what kind of boys? They are—with a sprinkling of idle, dissolute fellows, without a leading object, *sent* to college by fond or short-sighted parents—the best blood of the country, having received the best incipient culture from sixteen to twenty-two, and even older; many of them having been thrown early upon their own resources, full of energy and practical ability, capable of discerning between things that differ, understanding and maintaining their own rights.

Suppose any invasion of the rights and privileges of students had occurred when Daniel Webster was a senior; would not the Great Expounder and others of his classmates have been found capable of perceiving and maintaining their rights in a manner that would have commended itself to the judgment of the whole community? Merited

punishment, however severe, may excite a temporary flame among a few noisy brawlers; but let an act of real injustice take place, even in respect to a freshman, the college spirit is roused at once; those usually the most studious and orderly become the most determined, and assume the leadership; while in those controlled by passion rather than reason and conscience, the evil principle starts up like Satan at the touch of Ithuriel's spear. It is certainly in the interest of virtue that this reserved power should exist, since nothing but rank injustice can call it forth to any considerable extent.

There is another point, in respect to these college ties, too important to be passed over: a student exerts upon a student an influence no other can; and a real manly, sincere, religious spirit introduced and gaining a foothold in college, will travel faster and farther than anywhere else; along those subtile telegraphs that link together this mass of young, impressible spirits may be conveyed influences whose power for good no arithmetic can compute. It is equally so in respect to the faculty; they are only students of a higher grade, and stand in an altogether different relation to the students from others; whatever the *students* may say or do in a pet or passion, they will not permit others to malign them, for they, too, are a part of the fraternity.

It is altogether a mistake to say, as is sometimes

done, that the students and faculty of a college are natural enemies. If an officer of a college is not respected and beloved by the greater portion of those under his instruction, it is his own fault. His duties may be monotonous; harassing they are; but there is no position where the right man in the right place can effect more for God and his race. But the men who do this are not those who feel that they are doing small work in teaching boys.

CHAPTER VI.

LONG TIM.

RADCLIFFE HALL was the college in miniature. Its inmates represented quite well the different temperaments and qualities of head and heart usually found there.

While his chum and companions had spent the vacation in social enjoyments and relaxation, Morton, deprived of the society to which he had been accustomed, spent his in hard, bone labor.

It was important to complete the dam before the rains which usually occur in the autumn should come. Morton and his companions therefore began at daybreak, and labored till the light faded away, often compelled to work in the water, and the weather was growing cool.

But Morton was by no means unhappy; there is an exuberance of life pertaining to a person in high health and of firm muscle that defies the force of any ordinary fatigue to depress.

The idea of a student engaging in the rough, heavy work about which they were employed, seemed at first ridiculous to the workmen on the

dam; but he soon won their respect and affection, and those who were prepared to dislike became the most attached to him. However strange it may appear to some of our young readers, the result showed that Morton, who engaged in the work solely as the readiest means of obtaining money to defray his expenses in college, could not possibly have done anything bearing more directly upon his future success in life as a scholar, or more conducive to his own happiness, than in resolutely and patiently setting to work in heat, wet, and cold, on that dam.

Morton was blessed with an excellent father, a man who to unaffected piety united thorough culture and clear judgment,—in other words, common sense,—and who had early impressed upon the mind of his boy a deep respect for labor and for the producing classes, taught him that the differences observed between men were not so much real as apparent; that the rarest gifts and capabilities often existed in men unnoticed, because, by poverty or want of culture, they had never been brought to view; and even went so far as to say, what at the time seemed very strange to young Morton, that more original and racy ideas were to be obtained from intercourse with men of strong native powers, though without education, than from those well educated, as their ideas often flowed in the same channel, were more or less artificial, and they frequently retailed only what they

had imbibed from books, in which case memory saved the toil of thought; that for a young man who was to cut his own way in the world, and wrestle for the prize with eager competitors, it was often more useful to study men than books; that he who was to live among men and for them, and sincerely wished to benefit them, could do no wiser thing than to study the material upon which he was to work, make himself conversant with the toils, the hardships, pleasures, and sympathies of those who raised the bread, made the cloths, built the houses, wrought the tools, and, in truth, carried the great interests of society on their shoulders; that rudeness of speech was by no means rudeness of thought, and that some valuable information might be obtained from those most ignorant in other respects.

In the field where the good man usually planted was a large gray birch, with pendent branches, which cast a most cool, refreshing shade. Beneath its roots was a spring of clear, cool water, in which the section of a hollow pine was sunk, and beside it a broad, flat stone, elevated upon smaller ones, placed beneath the four corners. Here the grindstone was always brought, and the scythes ground in haying time; here Morton made his hoard of apples in the fall; and here, of a hot June afternoon, when wearied with hoeing, would the good minister sit and converse on this and kindred topics with Henry, while the deep respect and

interest with which the lad listened, with one hand on his father's knee, and his eyes fastened on his face, argued well, both for his filial affection and receptivity of mind.

As Mr. Morton was quite methodical in his movements, and generally rested about four o'clock, Mrs. Morton, with the baby and her two daughters, would often come there, bringing a luncheon; and frequently in college did Henry go back in imagination to pleasant hours spent under the old tree.

Imbued with such sentiments, for the reception of which he seemed naturally predisposed, Morton, after the first two days, found himself very much at home among the workmen, and they with him; for strange it is how the unwritten, unspoken sentiments of the heart are generally felt and understood.

The master-workman was a very brawny, rough-spoken, but really a kind-hearted man, thoroughly master of his business, of large native capacity, and very well to do in the world. He was on the wrong side of fifty, and his name was Timothy Longley, but by reason of his large size, was often called Long Tim, or oftener Uncle Tim.

As he lived some distance from the river, he rode to his work, and brought his dinner; Morton also brought his. The third day Morton chanced to sit on a log beside Uncle Tim to eat. He had brought a jug of coffee, and noticing that Uncle Tim had none, offered him the jug.

"Thank you, youngster," said he, taking a hearty draught; "that goes to the right spot. I calc'lated to brought that or tea; but our folks forgot it this time."

Uncle Tim, noticing that Morton had in his dinner dish only bread and butter, pie and cake, offered him a large junk of beef.

"That goes to the right place, too," said Morton, as he swallowed the first mouthful.

"Reckon it does. If a man's going to do this kind of work, he must have hearty vittles. They tell me you are a colleger; hain't been used to work, I reckon; starts the grease, and starts the skin — don't it?"

"Starts the grease, but don't start the skin. I've been brought up to work on a farm; I've only been here a year, and have done more or less work since I've been here."

"What do you do?"

"I chop wood, dig potatoes, build fence, get some hay, and do the president's chores."

"Some of 'em was telling me that you cut your own fodder."

"Yes, sir; I've no one to cut it for me."

"You're a stout, well-put-together young feller, and you take hold of that ere beef in a way I kind o' like to see. You handle a narrow axe well, too. Can you work with a broad-axe?"

"Yes, sir. I can hew some, and I can use an adze middling well, and can saw with a whip-saw

on top. I can't saw in the pit; at least I never tried."

"Can you do all this work, and keep up sides with the rest?"

"Yes, sir; I have thus far. Why, sir, it makes a man brighter to work."

"Hain't a doubt o' that. And you don't think it's putting yourself down, to come here and labor with us?"

"No, sir; I think it's putting myself up."

"But what do the rest think?"

"I don't care what they think."

"I reckon you're one of the right sort. What wages does John Bascom give you?"

"I don't know, sir; the wages are not set. I went to him, told him I would like to go to work, do what I could, and be paid accordingly. He told me to turn to, work till Saturday night, and he would see what I was worth."

"Why didn't you tell me you could use a broad-axe?"

"I didn't like to."

"Little bashful, hah?"

"Yes, sir; that's it. Where I live there's a great deal of ranging timber got out in the winter, and a good many spars and masts rough hewn. I've worked considerable at that kind of work, sometimes a month at a time, before school began, and after it was done; but I didn't know as I was axeman enough to work with these men."

"Wal, I'll know. Have you got a broad-axe?"

"No, sir."

"There's one sticking in that hemlock log; get mebody to help you grind it. You see that 'ere ne stick up there on the blocks?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going up to line it. When your axe is ound, go and hew it out."

Longley came up from time to time to line the ick, and expressed himself well satisfied. Mor-n continued to hew alone till Saturday morning; en Longley set another man (John Gilkey) at ork with him on some timber to be used for ilding a scow to bring rocks in to fill piers; and ey worked together all day, one on either side of e same stick. When Saturday night came, the nds were all called to the store to be paid off.

"Uncle Tim," said Bascom, "I want you to set is young man's wages. What is he worth?"

"A dollar a day."

"A dollar a day! Why, he's a green hand."

"I tell you he's worth a dollar a day. You pay hn Gilkey a dollar — don't you?"

"To be sure; he's an old hand."

"Wal, that youngster can hew as much in a day, d as well, as John."

"Just as you say; you are the man to decide."

"Reckon I am. If I don't know what a man's orth, I'm too old to larn now."

When the men were paid off, and ready to start, ncle Tim said to Morton, —

"Jump up behind me, youngster; I'm going right by your place; I'll take you along."

Morton mounted behind him on the horse's back, and they started.

"P'aps," said Morton's new friend, as they jogged along, "you thought it strange I should set you to work alone on large timber, with nobody to help you turn the stick. I'd as leves tell you to your face as to say it behind your back; I liked the turn of you, and wanted to help you. I knew, if I set you to work with men that had been hewing and handling tools all summer, when you hadn't had a broad-axe in your hand for a year and better, that it would hurt you; you'd be out of practice, be flurried, miss clips, and couldn't do what you was capable of; so I sets you to work alone, and kept my eye on you; and when I saw you'd got hardened into it a leetle, got over the backache, and saw you had grit, and could keep your end up, then I puts you 'longside of an old hand, that I might set your wages by his'n, cause I knew that, come Saturday night, Bascom would call on me to say what you was worth; that's the way it was."

As they went along they met Edward Blaisdell in his wagon, coming to the store Saturday night for next week's groceries.

"Good evening, neighbor Longley. Good evening, Mr. Morton."

"Do you know this youngster, Blaisdell?" said Uncle Tim.

"Know him! Reckon I do; know him before and behind. I should have had my grain spilte if 'tadn't been for him. There was a shower coming up; the boys were all gone; but he took hold of the fork, and he, and I, and Sally got it in. The rain struck just as the wheels went over the sill of the barn door. He's going to keep our school this winter."

"Is that so?"

"Sartainly; I made the bargain with him in the barn floor, the day we got that grain in."

"I heerd you'd got a colleger, and I felt vexed with you, and said you was a tarnal old fool (you know I allers say what I mean right out); but if you've got this youngster, it's the best thing you ever done in your born days."

Morton not only obtained a good return for his labor in ready money and employment during the whole of his vacation, but a great deal more. He obtained mechanical knowledge, which was not merely valuable, as all knowledge is valuable in different degrees, but, in consequence of it, was able to obtain more for his labor in future, and with it a practical knowledge of men and things.

He was now on terms of intimate acquaintance with these men, and found in them all a disposition to undervalue mental effort, to consider all who did not labor with their hands as idly disposed, proud, and of little or no use in the world, except to keep bread from moulding, and live upon the labor of

others; indeed, John Gilkey did not scruple to liken them to the bark lice on the apple trees, that stopped the circulation, and sucked the juices of the tree.

In the amicable disputes constantly occurring between himself and them upon this and other controverted points, and in his endeavors to convince them that knowledge was necessary to progress in any direction, and that all mechanical art was only the practical application of scientific principles, he was astonished to perceive the intelligence manifested in their modes of looking at things, learned many a valuable lesson, was led to appreciate more fully the shrewd wisdom of those ideas expressed by his parent while sitting beneath the gray birch.

"Father was right — just right," he said to himself, as he pondered at night over what had been the subject-matter of conversation during the day. He obtained knowledge of the methods by which men in general are influenced, the motives that stimulate, the subjects that interest, and the prejudices that influence them, the methods in which they may most successfully be addressed, and the species of arguments that have most weight with them, and, as he was on most friendly terms with them all, knowledge of their sympathies, different habitudes of thought, and turn of disposition.

There were many of Morton's classmates, who, placed in the same position, might not have prof-

ited by it, except in purse; but it was the nature of Morton's mind to absorb, retain, and endeavor to trace back to some cause, whatever attracted his attention.

"How true it is," said he, "that expression of father's, that 'if you can study but one, it is better to study men than books'! I've heard ideas advanced by these men, and especially Tim Longley, that are rough diamonds, and which, polished and set, would make the fortune of some men. I verily believe the knowledge I shall obtain working on this dam will be worth as much to me as all I got from books last term; there's more satisfaction in it: that seems to be a sort of manipulation; this is real gain. Well," as he kicked off his boots, "I suppose gold must be minted and stamped to give it circulation, and make it lawful currency; but I shall be glad when I am leaving this old tread-mill, and going to work in earnest."

He was not, though.

Long Tim and Morton sat down to eat their dinner together, now a constant practice.

"The boys tell me this is your last day among us."

"Yes, sir; the term begins day after to-morrow, although recitations won't begin till next week; but the president will return to-morrow, and I shall need a day to prepare for him, do some work at my boarding-house, and put my own room in order."

"Sorry you're going to leave us, and I'm not alone in it; it's the gineral *speech* and opinion of the hands, and I wish you well."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Longley, for your good opinion of me, and for the kind interest you have taken in me. You have given me a great deal of instruction about work, and double wages. If it had not been for you, Buscom would not have given me more than fifty cents a day."

"I don't wish to meddle with what's none of my business; but I've been thinking that praps I could plan for you in some things better than you could plan for yourself."

"I should be right glad of any advice from a man of your years, and should consider it very kind of you."

"According to what you told me, you spend a good many hours, and do a good deal of work, at the president's and your boarding-house, and in other ways. If I'm not too bold, does it all put together clear your board?"

"No, sir, it does not."

"Wal, it oughter; I say, and stand to it, it oughter. I like to have every man who is willing to work have all that belongs to him, and the full reward of his labor. A smart young man like you, who can handle a broad-axe, or any other tool, or take a scythe, grind and whet it, then go into a field and mow, ought to have more for their labor. Much less of a man than you might do the

president's chores, and the work at your boarding-house, and it would be all they were worth; or the president might do his own chores; 'twould be a sarvice to him."

"But the difficulty is, Mr. Longley —"

"Don't call me Mr. Longley; call me Uncle Tim; that's what everybody else does, and it seems more nat'ral."

"The difficulty is, Uncle Tim, I can have only little scraps of time, — an hour at one time, and two or three at another, and half a day once a week, — so that I can't take hold of any job and carry it through, and earn wages; but I can do these chores, get a little something for it, and that is all I can do."

"I see, I see; but now for Uncle Tim's plans. I calc'late to buy, and have jest as good as bought, a timber lot (only the writings ain't drawn) by the river; it's white pine mostly. I calc'late to cut it off at odd jobs, when I'm not driven with other work, hew out the timber, — the small into ranging, and the large into ton timber, — put it into scows, or else raft it, and take it down river to Bath. I was calc'lating to put in a gang of men and cut it off; but I won't do it; I'll hire you. You may go down there, fall your trees, and hew them into timber, and cut the tops and limbs into cord-wood. I'll pay you by the running foot for the ranging timber, and by the ton for the ton timber, and so much a cord for the wood. The

more you do, the more you'll make; and if you don't make double to what you make in the fashion you're going on now, then you ain't so smart as I take you to be. What do you think of that plan?"

"I think it is an excellent plan for me; but I'm afraid it will be some time before you will get your land cleared."

"That don't matter. If I am a rough-looking old chap, I hain't worked hard for nothing, and can do as I like; there's a hundred acres of it. If I want a raft of timber any time, I can put men on and cut it, without interfering with you. I reckon that'll suit a young feller like you, to be smashing down the tall pines, and working with tools, better than taking care of a horse, and waiting upon other folks, and more a man's work."

"I should enjoy it above all things. I love dearly to work in the woods, and I'll contrive to put my time all together."

"The only drawback I see about it is, that, being alone, you can't turn the timber, or get it up on the blocks. I must fix that, somehow."

"I can arrange that, Mr. — Uncle Tim. I have a chum who will help me, and there are five or six that room in the same building with me. I can fall a lot of timber, and get my skids ready, and some day they will help me roll it all up."

"But about turning the sticks?"

"I can turn most of them with a canting-dog;

besides, I have not the least doubt that, when my chum, Richardson, finds out what I'm about, he'll insist on working with me. He's a natural mechanic, loves dearly to work with tools, and nothing could suit him better."

"Does he cut his own fodder?"

"No, sir; his parents are wealthy; but he's the best boy that ever was, and works a good deal with me, because we love to be together; and he says he wants to earn something himself, and not be entirely helpless, and live on his father. He scarcely ever tied up his own shoes before he came to college, and always had a servant to wait on him; now he insists on taking care of the room, bringing the wood and water himself, because he says I have enough to do without it. He has learned to chop, and can mow some. I can tell you, Uncle Tim, if you like me, you will like him a good deal better; he's a great deal better than I am."

"Wal, I'll hire him too, and then you'll be whole-footed. I'll send you down a couple of canting-dogs, and you can turn your timber then fast enough."

"Yes, sir; for what we can't do by main strength and stupidness, we can do by contrivance."

"Jest so. That ain't all, Mr. Morton. I suppose you can't leave off doing those chores and things, and take it up again jest when you like it."

"No, sir; because some other student, or some

person in the village, will step in and take my place."

"There, you see, is a kind of a drawback, because there will be a time in the fall when the days are short, and it's dark early, that you can't do anything in the woods, but you could do the other things. Wal, I'm going to forelay for that. I employ a great many men, and have a good many accounts. Now, if you'll make out my bills, post my books, and fix up all my accounts in the short days, I'll pay you more for it than your chores will bring you."

"I should be glad to do it, sir."

"We shall be here a fortnight longer; we've got some piers to sink; we allers calc'late to build 'em on the ice, then cut the ice and let 'em go down; but we didn't build enough by two. Come down next week, and I'll show you where the lot is, and the line trees, and bring that young man you spoke of; I should like to see him."

That night Morton rode up behind Uncle Tim, who left him at the president's gate.

"Good by, Mr. Morton; don't study too hard. I've heern of folks busting in their brains studying."

"Good by, sir.—God bless Uncle Tim," said Morton, as he looked after him. "There's a good brain under that old battered hat, and as kind a heart under that linsey-woolsey shirt as ever throbbed beneath the finest cambric."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEE FRESHMAN.

THE labor of keeping up with strong, iron-sided men, whose muscles were hardened by constant toil, was terrible to Morton, and nothing but the pluck of the young man, and mental power, had carried him through. He had, to be sure, done his share of the work, to the great surprise of the rest; but many a night, when the hour to cease work arrived, he could not have hewed another stick; and the moment he had eaten his supper, he flung himself on the bed, and sunk into a dead sleep, while the others could have done another day's work upon occasion. I say this constant toil through the day, and weariness at its close, had prevented him from thinking about, or anticipating, as much as he otherwise would have done, the commencement of the term, and the return of his mates. But this night, as he stood leaning over the gate listening to the tread of Uncle Tim's horse growing fainter and fainter in the distance, the idea came upon him with a rush, and with all the freshness of novelty.

"Day after to-morrow term begins, and to-morrow night Rich, Hath, Perk, and all hands will be along."

When the term closed, Morton had removed his books and flute to the president's; but he had been too tired to study any, or even to play on his flute, except once on a Sabbath evening. But sitting down in a strange house all alone, to play, was in such strong contrast with the pleasant hours he had enjoyed with Rich and Perk, Savage, Hathaway, and Ferguson, who used to sing while he played the accompaniment, that he threw it away in disgust.

But now he took up the neglected instrument, and, after playing a lively measure, caught the key of the outside door of Radcliffe Castle, and started up to his supper with long strides, entirely oblivious of fatigue.

Bolting a hasty meal, he made his way to the Castle, entered the room, and flung up the windows.

"I'll wake the echoes," he exclaimed, and, catching up a Latin dictionary, slammed it down on the table, making the dust fly all over the room.

After entering all the other rooms, and amusing himself with roaring at the top of his voice the names of all their former inmates, he made a bee-line for Harry Semicolon's.

Harry and his wife were eating supper when Morton burst into the room.

"Harry, do you know term begins day after to-morrow?"

"To be sure, Mr. Morton. Didn't you?"

"No; I've just found it out. Mrs. Semicolon, you must fix up our room and all the rest bright and early to-morrow; for if Rich wants to see me half as much as I do him, he'll be along in the stage to-morrow night. Have any of the students come?"

"Lots of 'em; some of all the classes. But where shall I get the key?"

"There it is," flinging it on the table; "the keys of all the rooms are in the doors. Are the pigeons all gone, Harry?"

"No, they ain't, Mr. Morton. I can tell you where there are some now."

"Tell me, O, tell me, and I'll call you the best fellow that ever was, or ever will be."

"Perhaps you remember that about a mile on the old county road, there was a large piece of rye, sowed on a burn."

"Yes."

"And on one side of it a young growth of yellow birch."

"Yes."

"Well, they are in the birches, and on the stubble where the rye grew; they cradled the rye, and round the stumps there was a good many heads left; they have been real plenty there, and there's some now, though the pigeon season is over."

"I do want to get some so! Do you know, Nancy, that Rich and all the Radcliffers calculate to be here to-morrow night? and I want to have something in my room when they come; a good bright fire, so that we can sit down and talk and eat, and have such a good time. You know I'm poor. I can't afford to buy chickens, turkeys, or meat; but if I could get pigeons, I could buy a few other things, and make it go. If I get any, Nancy, you must make me a rousing pie and some coffee."

"I've got everything to do to-morrow—to clean all those rooms; but I'll get Molly Graffam to help me, and I'll do it. I'll do more for you, Mr. Morton, for love, than I would for anybody else for money. You don't know how much good it does anybody to see you so cheery, and hear you laugh; we've been so dull and stupid this vacation. I scalded Harry the other day with hot fat, when I was frying doughnuts, just to have a little stir; and I did hope the Methodists would have a revival."

"I tell you I've been kept down long enough; but now I'm going to rise; see if I don't;" and, placing both hands on the table, he turned a somerset over Mrs. Semicolon's head, and came upright on his feet.

"You can't do that, Nancy; I'll stump you to do it."

"I don't think I shall try, especially before folks."

"That's not a circumstance to what I can do; if you could only hear me play on the harp with a thousand strings, or on a Jew's harp. I'm great, grand, and peculiar on that instrument."

"I do declare, Mr. Morton! How you do go on! What has got into you?"

"What has got into me? O, fair lady! O, what has got into me, is it? Ravishing creature, a nice question, most seasonably put. It is the spirit, the afflatus, the fine frenzy, the genius of the sophomore year."

"I've seen a good many sophomores, but I never see any taken in this way. Did you, Harry?"

"No, except when they'd been taking something."

"Will all the young gentlemen in the hall be taken so? Because, if they are, I shan't dare to come in to make the beds."

"Measurably, measurably, Nancy, according to their proclivities and capacities. I shall be among them like the moon among lesser fires, bearing conflagration in my track, and causing the walls of the Vatican to tremble."

"O, dear, if you go to talking Latin as Mr. Trafton does, when he comes for his washing, I shall give up."

"But about that pigeon pie, Nancy?"

"Sartainly I'll make it."

"And the coffee?"

"And the coffee."

"Mr. Morton," said Harry, "if you expect to get any pigeons, you must be there bright and early; because at break of day the pigeons come down on the stubble, and there's a good chance to shoot; but after sunrise they fly up into the birches, and scatter off, when they've got their crops full, and you can't get a shot, only at single birds."

"I'll be there; I'll sleep with one eye open. O, there's that confounded cow of the president's I've got to milk. I wish presidents wouldn't keep cows, or milk them themselves; that spoils the whole. I'll milk her before day, and set the milk on the doorstep."

"I'll run over and milk for you, Mr. Morton."

"Thank you, Nancy. I shall tell him to-morrow that I can't do his chores any more; I have got something better to do."

Instead of sleeping with one eye open, Morton slept with both of them shut so fast that he never waked till sunrise. After the temporary excitement arising from the anticipation of meeting his classmates had subsided, the fatigue of the day and of the previous weeks made itself felt, and tired Nature asserted her rights most emphatically. Springing from his couch, he sought the rye-field. To his great chagrin the pigeons had left the stubble, where, when feeding, they generally clustered together more or less, affording an opportunity to shoot several at once, the high stumps and tall stubs, some of them fifteen feet in height, afford-

ing an excellent opportunity for concealment. He now went among the bushes; but the woods were full of dry sticks that cracked beneath his tread, the pigeons were shy, and after shooting half a dozen, he could find no more. This was a small allowance for nine hungry boys. As Morton leaned upon his gun in no very pleasant mood, reproaching himself for oversleeping, he heard the report of a gun near by, and proceeding in the direction of the sound, met Philip Stanwood, one of the hands that had been at work with him on the dam, but, having cut himself with a broad-axe, had gone home.

"Good morning, Mr. Morton."

"Good morning, Phil. Glad to see you about so soon."

"Well, I don't know as I ought to use my leg; the wound ain't quite healed; but we live close by here, and I thought I'd limp out and shoot some pigeons."

"You've had great luck, Phil; why, you've got a back-load."

"I've got three dozen. I got here half an hour before day, and the moment the day broke they came down on the stubble."

"I overslept. I'm sorry, for our fellows are coming back to-night, and I meant to give them a treat; but I've only shot six, and they seem to be all gone."

"Take a dozen of mine, Morton."

"O, no, Phil; I couldn't think of it."

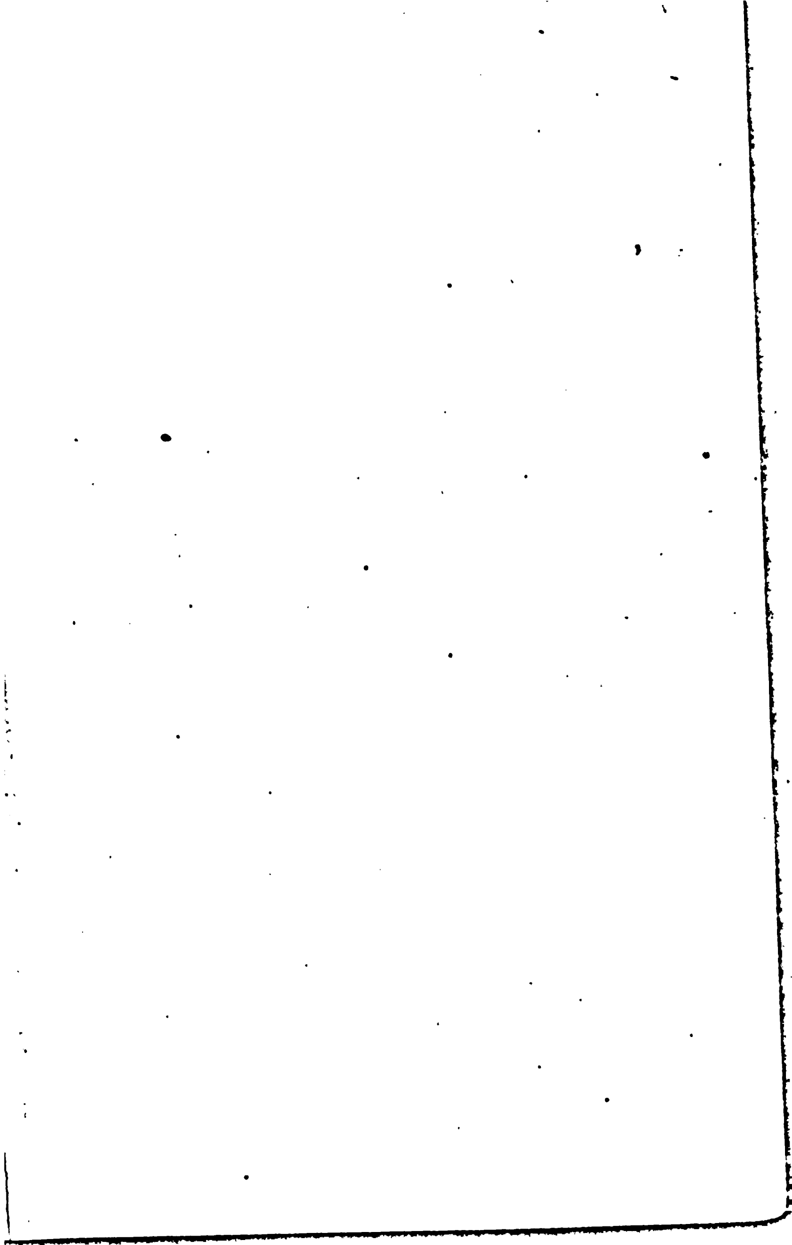
"Yes, you must. I shall have more than I want to carry home."

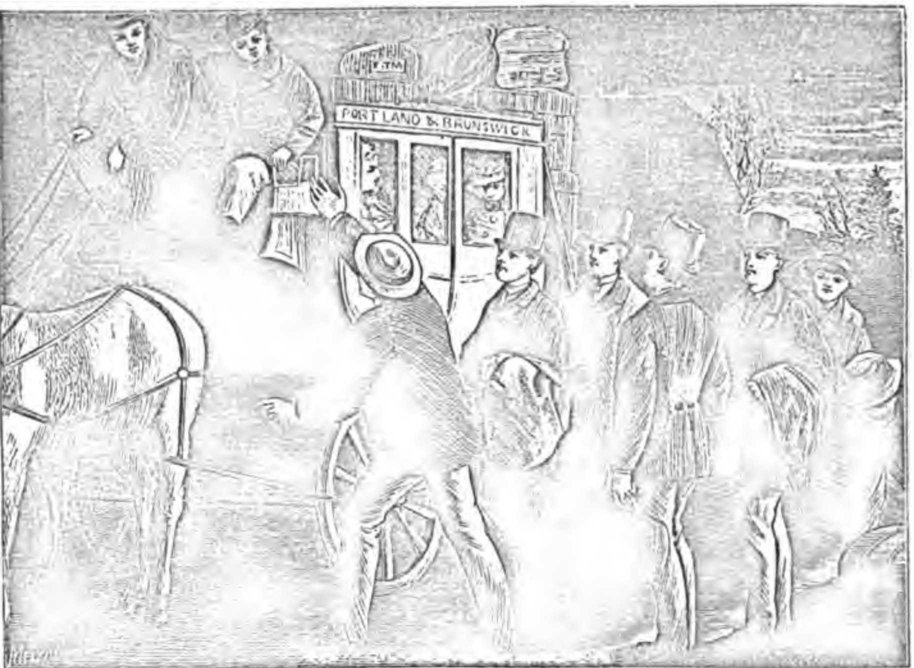
"I'll take half a dozen, and pay you for them."

"No, you won't do any such thing. We live right here; they are no rarity to us; our boys are shooting them all the time. I shan't like it at all if you don't take 'em; so don't say any more;" and he put the pigeons on Morton's shoulder, who set out for the village highly elated.

"Ain't I in luck?" said Morton; "and won't we have a good time? Eighteen pigeons! They never can eat 'em with all the potatoes, gravy, and fixings. I'll give half a dozen to Harry's wife, and that will make her as happy as I am. Well, I'd rather be poor, and have friends, than rich, and have none, at least no real ones. It costs people something to be friends to me. I believe Uncle Tim gives me a third more for hewing that timber than he would have given John Gilkey."

The nights were now cool and the twilight early. Mrs. Semicolon had cleaned the rooms and made the beds, and she and Morton had set the table. Morton had a closet half full of dry wood that had been left over from last winter. With some of this he made a rousing fire, and two huge pigeon pies and the coffee were placed on the hearth to keep warm. The room was splendidly lighted, for Morton had ransacked every room in the building for lamps with which to illuminate it. When he had





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exhausted both his means and his invention, he shoved up the window, and sat down to listen and watch the fire, in order to keep the brands from falling upon the victuals. It was not long before the faint sound of a horn was heard in the direction of the old county road. "Here they come," cried Mort. Louder and louder pealed the blasts of the driver's horn, which was now mingled with cheers and the rattle of wheels, and Richardson was heard shouting, "Only look, Perk; see what a tremendous light there is in our room. Mort's there, I know. How are you, old fellow?" he shouted, leaping off the box on to Morton's shoulders.

"First rate. How are you? O, Rich, I'm so glad to see you!"

By this time Perk, Lowell, Ferguson, Hathaway, and all the rest surrounded Morton.

A little delicate-looking freshman sat on the box looking on, while all these joyous greetings were being exchanged, and his eyes filled with tears, as he said in a low voice, "I wish somebody was glad to see me."

"So there is. I'm glad to see you. Welcome to Bowdoin College," cried Mort. "Come along with us;" and Mort pulled him off the box.

"But my trunk," said the little fellow.

"Where do you board?"

"At the public house for the present."

"Well, pay your fare, and the driver will take it there. What is your name?"

"Edward Austin, sir."

"Gentlemen of the sophomore class, walk up to No. 4;" and seizing Austin by the hand, Morton led the way. Great was the delight of the party, and warm the encomiums lavished upon their host, when they beheld the preparations made for their comfort.

"O, Mort," cried Perkins, "you are the prince of fellows. I'm so cold, and tired, and hungry!"

Morton placed Austin between himself and Richardson. Most of the others heard the expression of Austin which so touched the heart of Morton, and directing their conversation to him, he soon began to feel at home; his diffidence in a measure wore off, and his generous entertainers were led to form a very high opinion of him. They ate, drank, compared notes, and related the manner in which they had passed the vacation.

Trafton, on his part, gave his exploits in hunting and fishing, but said not a word in relation to his addressing an audience of bears.

When the time arrived for them to separate, Austin would have gone to the hotel, for his room and chum were yet to be selected.

"Stay here, Ned," said Morton; "we can fix you a bed on the lounge; you don't want to go over there with a whole crowd you never saw before."

"I shall incommode you, sir."

"No, you won't."

"Go with me, Ned," said Savage; "I room alone. I've got a cousin coming to-morrow to be in your class, who will make you a first-rate chum."

"You can board with me," said Morton. "Good night."

CHAPTER VIII.

NOBLE IMPULSE.

"WHAT a fellow Mort is!" said Perk to Hathaway, as they left the room together; "that freshman will love him to the last day of his life. I heard what the little fellow said (he ain't bigger than a pint of cider); and when Morton stretched out his hand to him as he sat shivering on the box, I felt it was nobly done, and wished *I* had done it myself. Still, most likely, I never should have thought of it, and even if I had, should perhaps have been mean enough to have hesitated, and thought, What will the rest think of me, inviting a freshman right in with a whole lot of sophs! There's not a bit of policy about Mort; whatever he feels is right, out it comes, butt-end foremost; and yet he's the deepest fellow to contrive a plan or anything, and you can't turn his flank or throw him off his guard, and it's no use to try. If you tell him anything in confidence, he'll keep it closer than you can yourself. Hath, that fellow goes with the Peucinian Society, you'd better believe."

"Perhaps not. Mort won't fish him."

"Fish him? He's fished already; his skin couldn't stick closer to Mort than that freshman will; what Mort does he'll do; where Mort is he'll be. There's not a person in the world, out of my own family, that I love as I do Mort; yet I am Athanean; so are you; yet all your most intimate friends, and the fellows you go with most, are Peucineans; so are mine. It's queer, but it is so. I was watching Austin at supper; he's a nice boy, I know; I wish we could get him."

"Well, Mort won't open his mouth to him about societies, he never did to me, and I'm sure he might have fished me if he'd wanted to. I've heard him say he thought it was small business; but then it's altogether likely that when society matters come up, the first question Austin will ask will be, Where does Morton belong? and go there."

"I think," said Perk, "it is mean to take underhand methods to get a freshman, run down other fellows that are as good or better than yourself. because they belong to another society; but I don't think it's wrong or unfair to influence (if you can by fair means) a fellow you like to join your society, any more than it is in politics to support your own party, recommend its principles, and strive to make others feel as you do."

"Nor I; and I don't believe Mort does; but there's so much lying, misrepresentation, and all kinds of underhand work connected with fishing

in general, that I expect he has determined, as the fishermen say, never to wet a line."

The term *sophomore,* applied to the second class in college, has by common consent come to be synonymous with an overweening self-estimation, insomuch that the word "sophomorical" is frequently used to denote an inflated, exuberant style of composition, in which sense is sacrificed to sound, and flowers are in excess of fruit, illustrations of which generally abound in the themes of students at that period of their college life.

The student comes to college an entire stranger to the community in which he is to live, the classes above him, the instructors under whom he is to be placed, and with most sublime ideas in respect to the dignity of a college officer. He may, perchance, have a relative in some of the upper classes, or there may be in his own class some who have fitted with him, or reside in the same town or city; but frequently, and in general, he is a stranger in his own class, and everywhere else.

He has been, perhaps, very tenderly reared; all his wants anticipated; without care or responsibility; an anxious and vigilant mother to call him up in the morning, or in from his play, pick up his books, keep a watchful eye upon his clothing, and repair all rents. He has, from rumor, a wholesome dread of the sophs, and of what they may see fit to do in respect to him.

During the freshman year, he is, as it were, on

probation, put on his good behavior; he has no character to sustain him, or to fall back upon in case of misfortune — that is, no college character; is not known in college in respect to literary or moral status; he has that to create. If, during that period, he commits an offence which it is evident to the faculty is not one of ignorance, but wilfulness, if he is idle, irregular, and dissolute, he will be likely to receive but very little consideration as an offender; but if, during the first year, he has established a reputation for scholarship, punctuality, and moral character, the faculty have, to a certain extent, made up their estimate, and should any difficulty occur in the second year, that previous character will tell with great weight to moderate censure, or, perhaps, avert it altogether. In no circumstances is the old proverb, "A thing well begun is half done," more fully realized than in respect to laying the foundation of character in college.

Now, this stepping at once from the freshman over the threshold of the sophomore year is a great change, one well calculated to unbalance for a time the mind of boyhood; and strange would it be, if, when the pressure of so many atmospheres is removed, there should not be some tendency to inflation, and even the most flaccid spirit become somewhat tumid. Many are the difficulties, and somewhat amusing the catastrophes, into which freshmen who have been tenderly reared at home sometimes fall.

Although Ned Austin and Will Montgomery, his chum, were excellent scholars, possessed of sterling qualities of mind, and, in fact, lacked neither wit nor resolution, yet the development of these latter qualities had been so retarded by the silly tenderness of their parents, as to have been well nigh destroyed; and it would have been difficult to find two boys more entirely helpless in all practical things.

The night of the entertainment in Morton's room, he said to Savage, "Ought we not to look after Ned Austin and your cousin a little — help them about their room and getting started?"

"No," was the reply; "they've got money, brains, and a tongue in their heads; let them work; if they get into any fuss, we can help them."

"Now for ourselves, brother of mine," said Rich, after the rest were gone, kicking the brands into a lively blaze, shoving back the table, and pulling up his chair beside Morton. "No recitations to-morrow morning. What kind of a time have you had this vacation, here all alone, poor boy?"

"A first-rate time — enough to do, and good pay."

He then told him about Long Tim, and his bargain to hew the timber.

"Which you can't have the privilege of hewing alone; make up your mind to that, my boy. Mort, haven't your ears burned a good deal this vacation?"

"Not that I recollect. Why?"

"Because I should have thought they would, if you could only have heard all the nice things that were said about you at our house. Indeed, they didn't think anything of me; it was all Morton. Uncle Robert went into ecstasies. They thought, to be sure, that I had improved amazingly; but then it was all attributed to you, and your influence. I was half a mind to go back to Brunswick, and send you up; but I was afraid it would gratify them too much."

"O, be still, Rich."

"No, I shan't be still. I haven't begun yet, and I'll prove it."

Running to his trunk, he unlocked it, and took out a beautiful edition of Virgil and of Homer, in the original, and from a box a fine fowling-piece, with powder-flask, shot-belt, and all pertaining to it. He then gave Morton a note from his father, in which he begged him to accept them as a token of his esteem, and concluded by inviting him to come home with his son at Thanksgiving, enclosing the money to defray his expenses.

"Now, you've got to go, Mort; so don't begin to get up difficulties; father won't like it if you don't; and as for me, it will break my heart."

"I'm sure, Rich, I am delighted with, and grateful for, the kindness of your father, and shall tell him so in the best terms I can command; but—"

"*But* is a disjunctive conjunction; say *and* I should be very happy to go."

"I have never been in company, or away from home. I should be so awkward!"

"You will have to go into company if you are a professional man, and I'm sure it is time to begin."

"But—"

"But, again. I told you I won't have any buts."

"You have praised, set me out so, and drawn so much upon your imagination, that they will be grievously disappointed when they come to see the original."

"Well, I won't go home without you."

"You won't?"

"No, I won't stir a step; bring the Bible, and I'll swear upon it not to."

"But you are not in earnest."

"Yes, I am. I won't budge one foot."

"Then I suppose I must go."

"There, that is the first sensible word you have spoken. You are a gentleman, a scholar, and a sophomore. Now let us go to bed."

The next morning Savage introduced his cousin, Will Montgomery, to Austin, and they were mutually pleased with each other, and concluded to room together. Montgomery, Savage, and Hathaway also concluded to board with Morton, Richardson, and Austin.

The room of Ned and Will was on the lower floor, in the north end of North College, at the foot of the stairs, that end being designated by a

name not necessary to mention here, and peculiarly rich in stirring memories. Sophomores were all around them; they very much resembled lambs among wolves.

After the morning meal, they sallied forth in quest of furniture. It is customary for seniors who are leaving college to sell their furniture to the members of the freshman class, who come at that time to be examined. But Ned and Will were not examined till the commencement of the term, the seniors were gone, and most of the furniture sold; there were, however, several of the present junior class who were desirous of selling their old furniture, and buying new for the senior year, and some of the retiring class had left their furniture to be sold by others; thus they found plenty of notices stuck up at the doors, "Furniture for sale." Seeing an inventory of furniture that seemed quite complete, they went to the room of the senior who had it in charge, in order to purchase. It was in an unused room at the foot of the garret stairs, in the upper story.

After looking over the articles, Austin inquired if there was a carpet; at which the senior expressed his horror and amazement in no measured terms, informing them that it was a most unheard-of thing for a freshman to presume even to think of a carpet; that it was only second in enormity to wearing a tall hat, and would cause a revolution in college.

Montgomery expressing some solicitude as to whom they should get to take the furniture to their room, the senior told them to lug it themselves, assuring them it had been the custom, from time immemorial, for freshmen to be their own porters, and insinuating that it might be dangerous to infringe upon an established usage; he, however, kindly informed them that they might lighten their labor considerably by throwing it from the third story entry window.

With many a groan, and at the expense of blistered hands, they carried all the articles to their room. Savage had told them where to procure their wood; and as they saw several students carrying in their own wood, they concluded it was a college custom, and did the same.

At supper time they met Morton and the rest with an assumed cheerfulness, although their hearts and hands ached. To the general inquiry of how they were getting along, they replied, "First rate," and asked no questions, for fear they should be considered green. Nothing astonished them more than to perceive that every one seemed to recognize them as freshmen, even some little boys, who came to inquire for washing for their mothers; while one little boy, provoked that Austin had given his washing to his companion instead of him, after retreating to a safe distance, began to make up faces, and cry, "Freshe, freshe, got the hayseed out of your hair yet?" At the approach

of night, difficulties increased: the weather was cool; there were the fireplace, wood, andirons, shovel and tongs; but — would you believe it? — neither of these boys had ever made a fire, which, it is said, requires a fool or a philosopher to do well.

In the first place they set the wood up endwise against the back, and, as they had neglected to get any soft wood for kindling, piled paper around it, which they found in the room; but the paper speedily burned up, leaving the hard wood scarcely singed; they then laid it flat upon the hearth, and succeeded no better.

Ned now recollected that at home the wood was placed on the andirons; so, without putting on any log, backstick, or forestick, they shoved the andirons against the back, and laid the clefts of wood straight across them, as women invariably do, thus leaving the fire, as the saying is, "without entrails."

The room had been papered in the vacation, and much of the old paper was in the wood closet. They thrust it underneath, and applied the lamp, which they had lighted at that of a freshman in the next room. The flame blazed up between the clefts of wood, but, there being nothing above to feed it, the fire sulked a while, and finally went out. They now gave up in despair, and began to make preparations for sleeping.

Bedsteads in those days were, many of them,

made without screws or irons that go into a slot, as at present, or slats to support the bed; but the bedstead was made with tenon and mortise joints; holes were bored through the rails, through which the cord was passed back and forth, and, being drawn tight, both held the bedstead together and formed an elastic support for the bed. After a great many trials, they divined the object of the cord, and holes in the rails, got the bedstead together, drew the cord as tight as they could with their hands, and put on the clothes, sheets, and blankets, all crosswise, so that, when they got in, their legs were out of bed, and the clothes dragged on the floor. Perceiving the mistake, they got up again, and put them on right. They had at least learned one thing by coming to college — how to make up a bed, which they never would have learned at home. They were just congratulating themselves that they were all right at last, when, Austin chancing to make a sudden movement, the sides spread, the end sills dropped out, down went the bed to the floor; the side rails being drawn in by the cord, the end of one of them gave Austin a severe blow on the temple.

Again, in the middle of the night, they set it up, and again it came down, when, thoroughly worn out and discouraged, they lay on the floor, half frozen, till morning.

"What shall we do with this bedstead?"

"Well," said Austin, "let it be; when the wo-

man comes to sweep and make the bed, she'll fix it."

"Perhaps she won't, and I'm afraid she'll think we are green."

"Well, she'll think right if she does. I mean to ask Morton; he's so kind I don't feel afraid of him, and he won't tell anybody, if we ask him not to."

"I don't see what else we can do."

After breakfast they unbosomed all their griefs to Morton, entreating him not to tell; and especially Will besought him not to tell his cousin Savage.

Morton accompanied them to their room; they went in and locked the door. Morton laughed heartily when he saw the bedstead and the fireplace.

"Never mind, boys," he said; "I'll fix you up before the woman gets here to sweep."

Morton put on a log, backstick, and forestick, whittled some shavings from an old box cover, and in fifteen minutes had a roaring fire, that imparted an entirely different complexion to the room.

"Now," said he, "you see how to make a fire; you must go and get some dried slabs for kindling; you can't kindle large rock maple and yellow birch sticks with paper."

He then showed them how to rake the log up at night, so as to keep the fire, and instructed them

in the mysteries of getting fire with flint, steel, and tinder.

"Now for the bedstead," said Morton.

The boys pulled off the bed-clothes.

"Why! you didn't cord it up," he said; "the bedstead wouldn't have fallen down if you had drawn the cord tight."

"We drew it as tight as we could."

"What with?"

"Our hands."

"O, my! Why didn't you take a bed-wrench?"

"What is that?"

"Run over to Radcliffe, one of you, and ask Richardson to give you a bed-wrench and pin; there is one up garret. Have you got a hammer?"

"No, sir."

"Well, borrow a hammer."

When the instruments came, Morton showed them how to begin, and left them. With these instruments and instructions they soon drew the cords as tight as a harp-string, and before the "goody" got along, had hung up the looking-glass, arranged their furniture, clothes, and books, and when she had made the bed and swept the room, were in quite a prosperous state.

At that period the host of secret societies, which of late have sprung up like exhalations in all our colleges, were not in existence, except some few organized for no good purpose. Of course, there

being less competition, so strenuous exertions to induce freshmen to join rival societies (or, in college dialect, to fish) were not made; neither of the two societies which then divided the students between them cared to fish James Trafton; and he, to his great chagrin, belonged to neither. In Radcliffe Hall, matters went on quietly. Morton and Richardson were much occupied in pushing their studies in advance of the class, as they would be compelled to be out part of the fall and spring term, on account of teaching, and would not, as they were to board round, have much opportunity for study while thus engaged, and must pass an examination on their return. Hathaway, Savage, and Perkins, having made — as students are apt to do at the commencement of a year — strong resolves in respect to a better improvement of time and abilities, were, for the present, acting up to them; thus the principal movers and abettors in all departments of thought and action being intently occupied, Radcliffe was as quiet as the breast of a summer lake, when the evening breeze has died, and the last sunbeam is lingering upon its tranquil waters.

Morton went down to the dam and introduced Richardson to Uncle Tim, who received him most cordially, and invited him to visit him at his house, while Morton was boarding there, saying that there were some people in the district who were poor, and could not accommodate a master, and he should

insist upon having Morton a good part of the time. He then took them to the forest, and gave Morton all necessary instructions as to the work he was to do.

Never did boys enjoy themselves better than Richardson and Morton at work in the cool, bracing autumn air among these tall pines. Falling a large tree was an exciting affair to Richardson, who had never before witnessed the operation; so was a fire in the woods, which they kept for company, to roast potatoes and warm their coffee for luncheon. Richardson bought a broad-axe; Uncle Tim put in a handle and bent it for him; he would, after a stick was lined, score it with a narrow axe, and beat off for Morton till he was ahead of him, and then catch up the broad-axe and hew till Morton overtook him. In a short time he learned to trace a line, hew plumb, and seemed more gratified than any one would have supposed; possibly by the compliments he received from Uncle Tim, who once in a while rode over to see how they got along, and have a chat, while neither he nor Blaisdell was slack in letting the people of their district, and the one in which Richardson was to teach, know that their schoolmasters were hewing ton timber for Tim Longley.

As the term went on, the days shortened up. Morton and Richardson, having less time for exercise and more for study, were now ahead of their class. The others had begun to tire somewhat of

their unwonted application, and a feeling of restlessness seemed to pervade the minds of the Radcliffers, which, gradually increasing as the term drew to a close, finally developed itself in quite a ludicrous manner, in consequence of one of those chance occurrences so frequent in college.

CHAPTER IX.

PERK'S WALNUT CRACKER.

BY force of the new circumstances in which they were placed, and the cultivation of habits of self-reliance, the native energies of Will Montgomery and his chum began rapidly to develop.

They now felt at home in their room, had made the acquaintance of the class, caught somewhat of the class tone; and that childish and effeminate spirit, the result of being served and all wants anticipated, insensibly disappeared, and was gradually replaced by a manlier feeling; the incipient hardihood which really formed a part of their character, but had been kept in abeyance by luxury and foolish indulgence, began to assert its claims.

"Will," said Ned, one frosty morning, as he set down a pail of water he had brought from the pump, and began to blow his fingers, that smarted with the cold, "a fellow feels more like a man, after all, to wait on himself, than to be waited upon."

"Yes," replied Will, "and to feel that he is able to take care of himself, no thanks to anybody.

Just look there, my boy — will you?" as he rose from the hearth on which he had knelt to blow the fire, and a bright red stream of flame went up the chimney, and diffused its grateful warmth round the room. "Look at that fire; couldn't have done that once. Remember the first time we set out to build a fire?"

"Reckon I do."

"Guess you got this water out of the north side of the well, as Morton says."

"Didn't stop to see where it came from; you can warm it if you like; there's fire enough."

"No, I can't; there's that confounded bell coming; the fellow rung it too early, I know."

There was a knotty place in the lesson for the forenoon, and as soon as breakfast was despatched, Will went directly to his room, replenished the fire, and sat down to dig it out. The fire just renewed smoked, and Will left his door partly open to help the draught. After a while, a stick of wood burnt in two, and fell from the andirons. Just as Will rose to replace it, he caught a glimpse, through the half-open door, of Perk, of Radcliffe Hall, with a great stone in his arms, as much as he could possibly carry; and Perk was one of the strongest boys in college, and kept his muscle up by plenty of exercise. At the door of this end of the college lay two or three large logs of wood, which those who went up stairs often felt it their duty to carry up, but which always found their way down again.

Will, who had not the least difficulty in divining what Perk meant to do with that stone, jumped up from the table, and stood at the door listening. Perk was only two or three steps from the top, when down came Professor N. He had been up to see the tutor, who was put on guard in this disorderly end, and whose soul, like that of Lot, was often vexed.

"Perkins," said that dignitary, sharply, "what are you going to do with that rock?"

"Carry it up to Pike's room, sir, to crack walnuts on."

"I should suppose a smaller one might serve the purpose."

"Four or five of us want to sit around it, and crack, sir."

No sooner had the professor left than down came the stone, thundering behind him. Half scared to death, he jumped upon the stair rail, and his hat fell down into the entry. Regardless of his hat, the enraged professor ran up stairs in pursuit of Perk, whom he overtook walking leisurely along towards Pike's room.

"Perkins," he shouted, "what did you throw that rock down stairs after me for, at the manifest peril of my life?"

"I couldn't hold it, sir."

"You could bring it up well enough."

"Yes, sir; but you stopped me, and kept me holding it so long, it took my strength all away."

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The professor could not deny that; so he gave Perkins a sound rating, warned him of the consequence of insubordination, and bethought himself of his hat.

Will Montgomery was sufficiently inclined to mischief, and had long been aching to do something or other, he didn't know what. The moment the hat fell, he caught it up, and ran into his room with it, but was instantly struck with doubt and fear. What should he do with it? He wished he had let it alone; didn't dare to open the door, and put it out, for fear the professor, who, he knew, had gone after Perk, should return, and catch him; neither did he dare to keep it, for he thought it altogether probable the professor would make inquiries in all the rooms of that floor. The perspiration came out on his brow as he felt he must decide one way or the other, and that directly. Now, decision was an attribute of character that Will Montgomery had never been called upon to exercise; all resolves in matters of the least importance had been made for him by his parents; no balancing of motives and probabilities of results had ever racked his brain. The best examples, however, had been set before him, and the best of instruction given him; and in respect to all moral questions, he was as clear as a quill.

The possibility of being compelled to confess and take the consequences, or prevaricate, should the hat be found in his possession, loomed dimly

in the future. The professor's voice was heard, in loud and angry tones, rating Perk; then that of the tutor, who had been called from his room by the noise; and presently the professor was heard descending the stairs.

"I wish Ned was here to advise with," said Will. The next instant he thrust the troublesome article under the forestick, punched it still farther under with a venomous thrust of the shovel, heaped on fresh fuel, caught up his books, jumped out of the window, and ran off to South College to get his lessons with Spaulding and Williams.

"What is the matter, Montgomery?" asked Williams, as he let him in. "How red you look! and the sweat stands on your face."

"I've been running. I want to get my lesson with you."

"Good; it is a hard one, and you are just the boy we want to see."

Ned Austin was not a little astonished when at his return he found a great fire partly burnt out, the door unlocked, and the window open, freshmen being very careful to keep their doors locked and their windows fastened, especially in that quarter of college.

He had barely opened his books when the tutor entered, sent by the professor in quest of his hat. Ned denied all knowledge of it, and with such evident truthfulness, that the tutor believed him at once.

It by no means comported with the dignity of a professor, in those days, to be seen about college bareheaded. He went to the tutor's room, and sent him to his own room for another hat.

"I don't see what has become of my chum," said Austin to himself. It was a matter of more surprise, as Montgomery was a keen scholar, and the two boys, being much attached to each other, were seldom absent from their room, and never in study hours, except in case of necessity.

When the recitation bell was half done ringing, Will made his appearance, with his books under his arm.

"Where have you been, Mont?"

"In Williams and Spaulding's room. I got my lesson with them."

"That's a new dodge. What made you leave the door and window open? Some one might have come in here, and put some trick on us."

"Did I?"

"I guess you've lost your wits."

"I feel as if I had."

"The 'tute' has been here inquiring after Professor N.'s hat."

"After his hat?"

"Yes; he said he lost it in this entry."

"He must have known when he lost it. Why didn't he pick it up?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I was so frightened to see the 'tute' up in our room, that I began

to think over my sins, and didn't ask any questions."

"I'm sure I don't know what sins you have to answer for."

Will kept his own counsel; but as they went out, some others, who roomed on the same floor, and had heard the stone come down (to whom the tutor had been to inquire), were talking and laughing about it, and thus Austin was enlightened. When they went in to recitation, the professor, contrary to his usual custom, was in his desk; but he was very cross, and screwed half a dozen fellows. A great part of the class, however, lingered around the college steps till he came out with a shocking bad hat on.

The professor's misfortune was soon known all over college, for there was not a student in the whole end of North College but heard that rock go down stairs; and plenty of them were peeping from their rooms, and over the railing of the stairs above, to hear the reprimand which the professor bestowed bareheaded upon Perk; and various were the surmises in respect to what became of the hat, and the individual who made away with it.

It was the general opinion that some one of the sophomores, who happened to come into the door while the professor was above with Perk, had taken and concealed it, and that in due time it would appear in one way or another. No one in

the college thought of the freshmen on the lower floor, as it was considered too bold a step for one of them.

But such was not the opinion of the Radcliffers.

Morton said, "I believe it was Montgomery. He is capable of it."

"So I think," said Hathaway, "and I askèd Austin, but he said Will was not in his room that morning."

"He was," said Perk; "at any rate, long enough for that, for I saw him when I was carrying the rock up. The door was partly open, and he was at the table."

"It is just as likely to be Ned Austin as Montgomery," said Savage. "I tell you, Mort, that little freshman you took off the stage box is growing into a right smart boy."

"They are in a hard place," said Ferguson.

"They'll take care of themselves, I'll be bound," said Perk. "I'll risk them."

Ned Austin cherished not the least suspicion that his chum had anything to do with the professor's hat till some time after, when he happened to hear, over at Radcliffe, that Perk said he was in the room when he carried the stone up stairs: his suspicions were then aroused in a moment.

"I thought," said he to himself, "mighty strange that he, who never before went to get his lessons with anybody else, should go that morning. Well, if he wants to keep it from me, he's welcome to.

I never shall ask him. I wonder what he has done with it."

Ned hunted the room and wood closet from one end to the other without success. One Sunday morning, getting up first, he was leisurely raking out the ashes to make a fire, when he saw something black, a little larger than a cent. He thought it looked odd, and took it to the window to examine.

"It's a piece of a hat: he burnt it up; that's what he had such a fire for." Raking the ashes carefully over, he exclaimed, "There's the buckle! Ah, my boy, I've got you now."

He waited a while, then, sitting down on the side of the bed, gave Montgomery a shake.

"O, I'm so sleepy! It ain't time to get up yet."

"Yes, it is. Did you ever see that before, young gentleman?" holding before his eyes the piece of hat; "and this?" holding up the buckle. "This is a remnant of Professor N.'s hat, and this is the buckle that fastened the band. What do you think will be the result of such acts, young gentleman? A fine beginning, truly."

"Where did you get those, Ned?"

"Out of the ashes. Suppose the woman who sweeps and takes up the ashes had found them?"

"Her skull is too thick to draw any inference from so small a clew."

"Why didn't you tell me? Did you think I couldn't be trusted?"

"Don't talk so, Austin; I'll tell you why I didn't. I knew there would be inquiry made, and that if *I* was out of the way, *you* would be questioned, and could truly say that you knew nothing about it. I meant to tell you when it was all over, and inquiries had ceased, but forgot it."

"What made you burn it up?"

"I had no time to hide it, and was afraid of being caught, so put it under the forestick, and jumped out of the window. I mean to give him another."

"Well, I think you ought to. It was a nice hat, and you've had the fun of burning it, and come off 'scot free.'"

CHAPTER X.

WHAT BECAME OF THE PROFESSOR'S HAT.

IT was not very difficult for Montgomery to carry into effect his resolution of presenting Professor N. with a new beaver, in the direction where the greatest difficulty generally rests; namely, the cost. He had abundance of pocket money, was not inclined to spend it foolishly, and could easily, by a little retrenching, save the amount required, in the course of the term. But there were two other serious difficulties: how to get the measure of his head, and how to present it without getting found out. Sometimes he almost resolved to call on him, confess the whole thing, tell him it was a sudden impulse to pick up the hat, and, once in for it, he could think of no other way out of it, and that he hoped he would overlook it, and permit him to furnish him with a new one.

"It is a personal offence," said he to Ned, "and of course he can pardon it, if he has a mind, and say nothing about it. It is no concern of the government."

"I never would do that in the world; you would be a goose. That would just put a mark on you all the way through college. He would think, that freshman is opening strong, and whenever anything turned up, any mischief was done in our class, he'd think, that's Montgomery; besides, if he did promise not to say anything about it, 'twould get out; his wife would find it out, and she'd tell all her acquaintance, and tell them not to tell of it; the girls would get hold of it, and would say, 'There's the boy who burnt the prof's hat;' and you, a modest fellow, wouldn't quite relish that."

"No, I'm sure I shouldn't."

Montgomery went to Morton.

"I'll get you out of that easy enough, Will, if you've got the money; that's the main thing."

"I have that, Mr. Morton."

"I know all about the prof. Did you know I used to do all his chores?"

"I've heard so, sir."

"Well, occasionally now I do some little thing for him that he fancies I can do better than anybody else. I know all his ways, and all about his household arrangements, and can get the measure of his head for you. It's time enough to think of giving him the hat when you get it here. Now, Will, I wouldn't get into scrapes — it don't pay; I've been through the mill some."

"I want to go through it too, Mr. Morton; and so does Ned."

"Well, I'd let it alone; but if you do get into trouble, be sure you come to me before you tell anybody else."

Montgomery and Austin being among the smartest boys in the class, it was perfectly natural that they should be most persistently fished by members of the two rival societies. This work was performed mostly by sophomores, but juniors also took part in it, and even some seniors. The claims of the two societies, their merits and advantages, were pressed upon the two boys with a tact and force that left them completely bewildered. One party, actuated by the purest motives, and solely concerned for the mental and moral advancement of the young men, advised them, by all they held most dear and sacred, to join the Peucinean; for all the rowdies, fast fellows, poorest scholars, and fellows that didn't want to do anything but cut up, belonged to the Athanean; and that their virtue would be in danger; consequently that society was not much thought of in the community; that the faculty were prejudiced against it, and if an Athanean got into trouble, he was sure to be sent off; that all the offices were monopolized by fast fellows; their president was a regular scamp, the vice-president no better, and as for the senior editor of their society paper, everybody in college and in town knew what sort of a fellow he was.

The next advocate of the other side assured them it was all a lie; that a majority of the best

scholars belonged to the Athanean; that Professor N. belonged, and some of our most distinguished men, senators, judges, representatives, and clergymen, celebrated for learning and piety; that their president was a fellow of irreproachable character, and so were all their officers; to be sure, there were some fast fellows, but only a few; that they never had been solicited, only permitted, to join, in the hope that by associating with those of a higher character, they might be induced to study, and reform their morals; and that the great body of rowdy fellows belonged to the Peucinean, and always had; that it was got up by rowdies, who couldn't get into the Athanean. Gilman came to their room, and asked Will to take a walk with him, and put it to him all he knew how; set the matter before him in all its lights and shades, and concluded by telling him that the Athanean was a thing of yesterday, a mushroom affair; that they had no books in their library of any rarity or standard value; that a great part of them were old tracts and newspapers, bound up, and religious books, bought from the libraries of deceased clergymen, musty with age, and covered with the dust of past generations.

No sooner had he parted with Gilman, and returned to his room, than he found Morse, the most wily fisher in college, awaiting him. Morse was a very gentlemanly fellow, prepossessing both in manner and appearance, an excellent scholar, and

very popular in college. He also abounded in wit and humor, and was in reality a first-rate boy. He appeared so frank in his manners, with a certain air of nobleness about him, so entirely free from guile, and so far from condescending to any of those scurrilous remarks so freely used by others when speaking of their antagonists, that he took the boys by storm. So far from sneaking round and trying to get one of them alone, he frankly told them that he preferred to talk with them both together, although he knew not what their predilections might be; that if, after looking at the matter thoroughly, they felt that duty and inclination called them to join the Peucineans, he should esteem them none the less, should always value their friendship, and hoped to enjoy it.

Morse was a soph. He then went on to speak in the highest terms of the Peucinean Society, its library, its president, and all its officers down; told the boys that some of his most intimate friends belonged to it, and spoke in the highest terms of Morton and Richardson; thought the society was doing a great deal of good in college, by contributing to elevate the moral and literary tone of college society, and said that he himself was, at one time, on the point of joining it. He then went on to say that, after he joined the Athanean Society, he was led to congratulate himself on his choice; he saw it was much better for him, as it afforded some peculiar advantages which the other society

did not; that it was a younger society than the Peucinean, and, as it were, in a formative state, which was calculated to bring a pressure on each individual member; every one felt that he had a work, and a great work, to accomplish; this kindled enthusiasm and inspired energy. He thought it was good for young men to be placed in such circumstances; to feel they had work to do, and something to build up; that they took more pride in, and were more attached to, a society in the building up of which they had taken a prominent share; thought he had accomplished a great deal more in self-development than if he had joined the Peucinean Society, where he should have felt less pressure of motive and probably been lost in the crowd.

He said that it argued a mean, narrow spirit to join a society merely because it was large and rich, and where there was little to do; that the nobler spirit, the young man high-souled, and whose mind was of real Damascus temper, preferred rather to fling himself into some intellectual Thermopylæ, and, if need be, perish there; that in the Athanean Society the members had to struggle hard, and this tended to cement them together, and cause them to rely upon and love each other like soldiers who have stood side by side in many a desperate conflict; hinted, in the most delicate manner, that there being less competition, there was a better prospect for obtaining office in the Athanean Society.

He then communicated to the boys, in confidence, that he knew what the secret motto of the Peucinean Society was, and would tell them. He said he didn't wish them to pledge themselves; didn't come for any such purpose; but wanted them to think of it; he had heard them very highly spoken of; felt interested in their welfare, and thought fishing a real mean business; invited them to call at his room, saying that his chum was a Peucinean, and a nice fellow.

By the way, his chum was a boy of very small parts, and formed an excellent foil to Morse, and of course was no recommendation to the Peucinean Society, in contrast with his exuberant and fascinating chum.

The moment the door closed behind Morse, both the boys exclaimed, simultaneously, "What a splendid fellow Morse is!"

"What a handsome fellow!" said Will.

"What a high-minded fellow!" said Ned. "How handsome he spoke of Morton and Richardson!"

"What beautiful language he uses! How generously he spoke of the other society!"

"Yes, Mont; how different from the others! no blackguarding the other side; he would not condescend to that. They always try to get us alone, and if they have a chum who belongs to a different society, never ask us to come to their rooms."

"Then, you know, he told us the Peucinean matter — their great secret."

"Well, I don't think so much of that; for King knows the Athanean motto, and promised to tell me, if I would pledge myself to join."

"I'll tell you, Ned, what took me down."

"What, Mont?"

"Why, what he said about young and generous natures, self-sacrifice, and about Thermopylæ. I can't express myself as he did; but I felt kind of lifted up while he was talking; and what he said about roseate hues and rainbow tints. He must be a splendid debater, and know a lot. I expect he'll be president of a college, if he lives."

"Yes, it was beautiful. But I couldn't help thinking what I've heard father say about sophomores using large words. He said, when he was a sophomore he thought he knew everything, but afterwards he came to think he didn't know anything."

What complicated this society matter still more, their friends at Radcliffe were about equally divided. Morton, Rich, Hathaway, Ferguson, Lowell, and Hill were Peucineans; Savage, Montgomery's cousin, and Perk were Athaneans. Trafton did not belong to either.

Ned's father was a graduate of Cambridge, Montgomery's of Dartmouth.

Had Morton lifted his finger, it would have turned the scale with both; but he uttered not a word. On the other hand, Savage and Perk were teasing them to join the Athaneans.

"Will," said Ned, one night, "I can't nor won't stand this any longer. I don't have any peace of my life; I can't study, or do anything else. Here are fellows as thick as flies, fishing us all the time. I wish to my soul Mr. Morton would say something. I'm afraid, sometimes, he don't want us, or he would give us some hint."

"I shall do as you do, Ned; and I wish Mr. Morton would say something."

"Well, I shall make up my mind before next Saturday night, and pledge myself; and then they will let us rest. But I shall go where Mr. Morton is, unless I think he don't want me. I can't forget the night he took me off the stage box."

Although Morton did not engage in fishing, he was by no means negligent of the concerns of Ned Austin.

Professor N. stopped him one day after recitation, and said, "Morton, couldn't you get time to saw me some wood?" Hawes is sick.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I will come down after dinner."

Morton took with him the bottom of an old pasteboard bandbox, and from it cut out the measure of an old hat which hung in the shed, used by the professor in bad weather, and about the house. On his return he met Austin.

"Ned, is Montgomery in his room?"

"No, sir; he's gone to the post-office."

"Tell him to come over to Radcliffe; I want to see him."

* *

When Will went over, he found Morton's room open and empty, and sat down to play on Morton's flute, and wait for him. He overheard Ferguson talking with Hill.

"Why don't Morton say something to Montgomery and Austin?" said Hill. "The Athaneans will have them as sure as fate; they're round them all the time."

"That's what I tell him," said Ferguson; "but he won't. He says he hopes they will come with us; should feel real bad if we should lose them; but he can't bring himself to do it. He said he should have gone with the Athanean Society, if they hadn't fished him so hard."

"Good," said Montgomery to himself; "guess you won't feel bad on my account, or Ned's, either."

Montgomery sent the pattern to a hatter, obtained the hat, and Morton contrived to place it on the table in the professor's front entry, with a note, in which the writer stated, that having heard he had lost a hat, he begged him to accept the one accompanying the note.

Many were the surmises as to what became of the professor's hat; but the secret was kept for many a long year, till, at a commencement, at a meeting of old classmates, Will Montgomery let it out.

CHAPTER XI.

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

THE troubles of Montgomery and Austin were not by any means ended when they had pledged themselves to join the Peucinean Society at the time of initiation.

Some of the other society, who considered them a valuable acquisition, had exerted themselves to the utmost to secure them, and considered them already a sure prize, and were of course greatly chagrined at their loss, and much enraged, especially Morse, who had boasted to his friends that he had them fast enough, and that they were as good as pledged to him.

It might, indeed, well be that the bewildered boys, ignorant of the world, and themselves unsuspecting, guiltless of all design, beset on all hands, and plied with all sorts of arguments, might have ignorantly and inadvertently, committed themselves to both parties, or have said and done things that might be easily thus construed, without designing it. The weather was now cool, the ground hard frozen, and some light falls of snow — precursors of winter.

"Put on some wood, Will," said Ned, one sharp night; "the fire is almost out."

"I wouldn't; let us go to bed, and get up early."

"Well, I don't care."

Will, who was more rapid and nervous, in all his motions, than Ned, was the first to undress and jump in. He was out as quick as he was in, with a loud yell. The bed was half full of snow and ice. Here was a nice piece of work. They instantly dressed themselves, made up a fire, and began to fling the snow and ice out of the window. They had scarcely commenced when they were saluted with a shower of snow-balls, that drove them from their work, broke the glass, and filled the room with snow; their study table and books were plastered with it.

They desisted for a while, when the attack ceased, but was renewed the moment they began to remove the snow.

In the course of an hour their assailants departed; they then removed the snow and ice, and stuffed the broken windows with portions of clothes; but a good part of the snow in the bed had melted, and soaked the bedding, and they were forced to take a troubled sleep in chairs, haunted by visions of sophomores. They determined, however, to put the best face possible on it, and not gratify their enemies by crying baby and especially not to mention it at Radcliffe.

It was evidently a preconcerted affair, for many of the snow-balls were frozen, and had been filled with ink, so that when they fell on the study table among the books, they broke in pieces and melted, and the ink with which they were saturated ran over everything. The boys were at no loss to whom to attribute this raid.

Albert Woodford, of their class, roomed with his brother, who was an Athanean, and by no means pleased that his younger brother (despite all he could do) should join the Peucineans; but Albert had a mind of his own, was very much attached to Montgomery, Austin, Spaulding, and Williams, and told his brother he should go with those he liked best, and intended to associate with.

Albert had noticed that a number of sophomores, all Athaneans, and the same individuals, came frequently to see his brother, and that they went into the bedroom, and held long consultations. Naturally suspicious, he attempted to listen, but could hear nothing. One day he was going out, when he saw the same ones coming with his brother towards the room, engaged in close conversation. He ran back, gained the bedroom, and crept under the bed. While there, he heard that they thought, or pretended to think, that Montgomery and Austin had, after pledging themselves to them, joined another society, and they were determined to pay them a visit that night in return for it; he also learned that they were the party who put the snow in their bed some time previous.

The instant the assembly broke up, Albert hurried to Will and Ned, told them all he had heard, and at what time they might expect the visit.

"They are the same fellows that did the other thing," said Ned.

"Yes, for I heard them tell about it."

"Won't we give 'em fits?" said Will.

"I'll go in with you," said Woodford; "so will Spaulding and Williams."

"How many are there?" asked Ned.

"Six, I think."

"But if your brother is one of them," said Will, "you wouldn't want to be in it."

"Yes, I will; if he would be so mean as to be one of a whole gang, to set upon two fellows that he knows are my particular friends (I don't mind putting snow in the bed, but putting *ink* on the *books*), I say, let him catch it. I heard him say that he threw the snowball that put your lamp out, and knocked it off the table."

"What do they mean to do to us?"

"I don't know; they were not together long, and didn't say. I suppose they had talked *that* over before, and this meeting was only to fix upon the time."

"Now," said Montgomery, "let us have just as many of us as there will be of them. Whom shall we have? Who are there in our class that we like, and can calculate on, that have pledged themselves to the Peucineans?"

"There are three of us," said Albert; "Williams and Spaulding are five."

"Spaulding," said Ned, "is a nice fellow; but he is too timid for such a thing as this; would be no better than an old hen."

"There's Greenleaf, then."

"He's the boy," said Montgomery; "there's five."

"But," said Austin, "he's going to join the Athanean."

"I don't care if he is; he would take sides with his own classmates against sophs; besides, he's a noble-spirited fellow, and would resent such a thing as this — as though a boy couldn't have the liberty to choose which society he should join; and he knows us well enough to know that we wouldn't pledge ourselves to both; but we want one more."

"There's Charlie King," said Austin.

"Just the fellow we want, Ned; but he's an Athanean."

"Never mind that," said Albert; "take him."

"Now we've got six; but I'm not quite sure of the number; there may be more; let us have one more."

"Frank Munroe, King's chum; he's an Athanean, too, but he's a first-rate, strong, resolute fellow, and he would go for his *class* against the world."

"We'll take Frank," said Montgomery.

"I'll see King and Munroe," said Austin.

"I'll see Greenleaf," said Albert, "and report progress in one hour, at this room; don't let anybody in; and when I come, I'll say, 'Obadiah,' through the key-hole."

Neither Ned nor Woodford experienced any difficulty in securing their men, for the freshman blood was up the moment the thing was mentioned; class feeling distanced all other considerations, in addition to which the expected assault was felt to be mean, and infringing upon the sacred liberty of choice.

When the freshmen assembled, after a short consultation, they instantly began to prepare for the expected assault. Having made a couple of effigies, for the heads of which they borrowed blocks of a barber, they put a light in the wood closet, and closed the door, so that not a ray was visible. Montgomery, Austin, and Williams were stationed in the bedroom, in a large clothes-press; Greenleaf, in the wood closet, to throw open the door, and give light, at the proper moment. Munroe and Woodford were concealed in the corners of the outside room. Each one, except Greenleaf, held in his hand a pail of cold water.

It was hoped that the surprise and sudden attack upon their assailants when expecting no resistance would confound them, and enable the freshmen to secure some of the sophs, whom they determined to put under the pump — the fate, they imagined, in reserve for themselves.

It was arranged that, at the instant those who entered the bedroom should discover the cheat of the effigies, Austin should cry, "Marmion!" the water be flung, the door of the wood closet be thrown open, and the rush made. At a quarter before twelve, Woodford, who was reconnoitring, brought word that he believed they were in Kelly's room, that there was a light there, and it was either they or some fellows having a tight; for he listened at the key-hole, and heard them talking. At half past twelve he came to say they were coming. "They've got a lantern, and their faces blacked — at any rate, two of them; for I saw them when they stopped and opened the door of the lantern, to snuff the candle. My brother Tom is there; I knew him fast enough. If he don't get a pail of cold water, I never will guess again."

All was silence, and the boys held their breath as stealthy footsteps, followed by whispering, were heard in the entry. Presently the door creaked as it was pressed slowly but forcibly in at top and bottom, till through the opening the gleam of a lantern could be seen. All at once the bolt gave way, and so suddenly that the two foremost assailants fell on their knees, but, instantly recovering, rushed to the bed, followed by two others, one of whom held a lantern. The two foremost seized the image on the front side of the bed, while two others flung themselves upon the one occupying

the back side. Instantly one of them exclaimed, "We are betrayed and beset, fellows!" breaking into a scream of terror, as Montgomery, who, just as the door was forced, had crept under the bed, and, too impulsive to await the signal, grappled him by both legs.

"Marmion!" rang through the room; the sophs were deluged with water, and fiercely grappled at the same moment; and light was flung from the wood closet upon the scene of action.

Deeming the whole freshman class was upon them, nothing was thought of but flight. Montgomery had grappled his man so suddenly as to haul his legs under the bed, and throw him down. The soph, being much stronger, caught hold of the side of the bedstead, and made convulsive efforts to break his hold; but Will, planting both feet against the wall, and seizing the pants of his antagonist with his teeth, hung on with might and main. Williams threw his water, and the bucket after it, at one of the sophs, as he was jumping off the bed, and the bucket struck him in the mouth with such force as to knock him backward upon the bed at full length. Before he could recover himself, Williams, who was very athletic, flung himself upon him, and, throwing one arm over the neck and the other under the left shoulder of his antagonist, griped with both hands the cords of the bedstead beneath, and pressed him so severely that the soph promised to lie still if he would not choke him to death.

Ned threw himself upon the one who was struggling to escape from Montgomery. The other two endeavored to make their escape; but the foremost was grappled and held by King and Munroe, while Greenleaf and Woodford slammed the door in the face of the other with such force as to knock him down. The rest, being near the door of the outer room, fled, among whom was Tom Woodford.

"I thought Tom would be among the missing," said Albert; "but he got his water, at any rate."

All were now fully occupied holding their prisoners.

"The door can't be fastened: we must tie these rascals, and wash their faces," said Montgomery.

"I can hold both these fellows," said King. "Woodford, do you and Greenleaf get something to tie them with."

"What shall I get?"

"Get the bed-cord," said Austin.

When this was done, Montgomery noticed in the corner a two-gallon jug, which was filled, not with liquor, as they at first supposed, but lamp oil, and that of the foulest kind — veritable lees.

The first whose face was washed was the one whose legs Montgomery had grappled. When the features were cleaned, to the equal astonishment and rage of Montgomery and Ned, they were those of Morse. They looked at each other and at him in blank amazement. It seemed to these

unsophisticated boys something too incredible for belief, and they could scarcely trust the report of their senses; at length, in the mind of Montgomery, who was most impulsive, indignation got the better of astonishment

"Mr. Morse," said he, "is this the manner in which the Athanean Society elevates the moral and literary character of students? You said that *fishing* was a mean business: what kind of a business do you esteem *this?*"

By this time Ned had recovered from his stupor.

"How is it, Mr. Morse," he exclaimed, "about that spirit of self-sacrifice that you spoke of, the other evening, to us verdant freshmen? I suppose housebreaking and assaults upon persons in their beds are those employments to which you referred as worthy of a young, ardent, and generous nature; and about 'flinging one's self into some intellectual Thermopylæ, and, if need be, perishing there'? If you don't find yourself in Thermopylæ before you get out of this room, I am very much deceived."

Austin was less impulsive than Montgomery, but, when effectually roused, more determined.

"About those roseate hues and rainbow tints," said Austin.

"I'll give him some rainbow tints," said Montgomery; and, taking a coal from the fireplace, he drew sundry figures on his face, while the sullen

soph ground his teeth in impotent rage. The others proved to be Kelly, Webber, and Staples.

"If I believed," said Charlie King to Morse, "that as many more such fellows as you and your companions have this night proved yourselves to be, could be scared up in the Athanean Society, I and my classmates here would never join, though we are pledged to it; but I know there could not be; that the great body of them would despise it as much as we do."

"Now, mates," said Austin, "you can see what is in that jug; just smell of it; that stuff they meant to put on me and my chum. I move we give them the benefit of every drop of it."

Greenleaf demurred. He said, "It seems to me we have done about enough. We have soused them well, mortified and injured them. Webber has a cut over the eye from the door; and Kelly, his lip badly cut from the pail."

"They would have done it to us," said Austin.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," said Montgomery. "We ought to put part of it down their throats."

"So say we all of us," said Williams.

"No, not all of us," said Munroe; and he talked in a manner that mollified Montgomery, but failed to make any impression upon Austin or Williams.

Woodford now took up the matter. Austin and Williams both thought a great deal of Albert Woodford.

"Listen to me," he said to Ned and George. "You know if it had not been for me, you would have been oiled."

"That's so, Al," replied Austin.

"Well, then, you ought to hear in some degree to me. As Greenleaf says, you've turned the tables on them, injured them some, mortified them more. Greenleaf, King, and Munroe — all Athaneans, or the same as that — went in with you, and against fellows belonging to their own society, for your sake. Now, if you should do as you propose, it would injure them hereafter in their own society, because this thing will get out sooner or later, and all the members of that society would be prejudiced against them if they should stand by and see you do what you propose. It would certainly be very ungenerous in us not to yield to their wishes, after they have acted so nobly in respect to us."

"You are just right, Al," said Austin.

"That is my opinion," said Williams.

The prisoners (who sat, expecting nothing less than both an inward and outward application of their own prescription) were now liberated, and lost no time in vacating the premises.

CHAPTER XII.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHEN in due time the affair leaked out, Morton said to Austin and Montgomery, "It is well that you hearkened to Al Woodford, and did not pour the oil on the sophomores, when you had them at your mercy. As for what you have done, the sentiment of the college will be, 'Served them right,' and you will stand well in the opinion of all fair-minded fellows, and that will be the end of it; but if you had poured the oil on them, you would have made them enemies, and the whole sophomore class would have been down on you."

Those of our readers who are familiar with the previous history of the Radcliffers will recollect the change that took place in the ideas and habits of Perk, when he saw Professor Cleaveland leave the eel wriggling on the hook at Maquoit Wharf, and also in respect to Savage and Hathaway. It was near the close of the freshman year that this reformation took place.

When they returned to college as sophomores, they made (as all students are prone to do at the

beginning of a college year) high resolves in respect to study and progress. During a great part of the freshman year, Perk, Savage, and Hathaway were absent from prayers, both morning and evening. Half the time they would be up late nights, and oversleep, or wake just as the prayer-bell had done tolling, and have all they could do to get in to recitation. Perk often went with only stockings on his feet. At night they would be in the woods, down to the river, or bay, and miss prayers again.

They had been so long in habits of irregularity, that they found it very difficult to wake, after resolving to become more regular and studious, and employed Morton to wake them. But when Perk came back, he brought with him an old timepiece — a Dutch clock, without any case, the works being all exposed. It was a pendulum clock, and furnished with an alarm. The weights hung down beneath the face, and instead of a key, it was wound up by pulling a string. Notwithstanding its uncouth appearance it kept very good time. For a while Perk got on bravely, and was as punctual at prayers and recitations as Morton or Richardson, and ranked far above the average. But it is much easier to decline from good habits than it is to free one's self from bad ones. After a while Perk slept over a few mornings, and, though waked by the alarm, did not get up, the result of which was, that he soon ceased to hear it.

After a while, conscience-smitten, he reënforced the alarm weight with the fire-shovel, to bring it down with greater force, and tied the string around his neck, by which the weight was drawn up, and which rose as the alarm-weight went down. The next morning the weight descended with such force that it jerked his head from the pillow, and in his efforts to cast off the cord he was effectually awakened.

Perk now shone again, like the new-risen moon, with a brilliant light; but at length he began to decline from habits of application, partly from native indolence and out-of-door temptations, — to which he was peculiarly susceptible, — and the influence of persons of loose habits, and partly because, by reason of such savage treatment, the alarm denied duty.

It was very much the same with Savage and Hathaway — their course was vacillating. After a few brilliant recitations, to show what they *could* do if they *chose*, and just as the expectations of Morton and Rich (who liked them, and wished heartily to see them make the most of themselves) were raised to the highest pitch, they would flat away, be absent from prayers, say "Unprepared" at recitations, get screwed, or take deads.

However, they never sank to their former low pitch. Perk never became so idle or irregular, nor did Hathaway or Savage relapse into habits of intemperance. If Perk did not apply himself

to the studies of the class, he read a vast deal, spent much time and labor upon his themes; and Morton, when taking a solitary walk, often came upon him without his gun, lying at the root of a tree, in a reverie so profound that he would pass him without attracting his attention. Lowell and Ferguson kept on the even tenor of their way. Hill became more and more idle and debauched, apparently not in the least influenced by the example of his associates. It seemed as though the quiet of Radcliffe would never again be disturbed, for Hill, when he wished to have a noisy time, went elsewhere, and James Trafton possessed his soul in peace.

But, after all, this calm was not of very long duration. In Morton's class was a student by the name of Prior, of very respectable abilities, but extremely diffident — hesitated in his speech, and was utterly unable to do justice to himself in recitations; but he was a most worthy fellow, very much respected by all his class, especially Morton, whose townsman he was. Morton had always been a schoolmate with Prior, and considered him a sincere Christian, although Prior had never made any outward profession, or even uttered a word in relation to the subject. The professor, in some way, had become prejudiced against him, probably deceived by his diffidence, considered him a dunce, and was quite disposed to be severe on him, and turn him into ridicule before the class. To Mor-

ton, who was of a chivalrous nature, and knew Prior's worth, this was a constant source of irritation; he considered it mean.

One forenoon the professor was especially overbearing, so much so, that it was evident to all in the room that Prior was hurt and distressed. Morton was in a perfect rage. When recitation was over, the Radcliffers all went into Morton's room, to consult in relation to a supper with which they meant to close the term.

"Boys," said Morton, "what do you think of those slurs in respect to James Prior?"

"I think," said Richardson, "it was mean."

"It was brutal," said Hathaway, who, having been often at Morton's town, was well acquainted with Prior and his family.

Hill expressed his opinion in language more decided than we care to repeat.

"I think," said Savage, "the class ought to do something about it, and give the professor a hint."

"I imagine," said Perk, "that we *Radcliffers* are equal to the occasion. If we are not, it will be the *first time.*"

"What can *we* do?" asked Lowell.

"I'll wager Morton could get up something, if he had a mind to."

"I never had so good a mind to anything in my life," said Morton, "and will, if I've got brains enough, though I'm expelled for it."

"Whatever you get up, Mort," said Ferguson

(one of the most quiet and amiable fellows in college, and averse to everything like insubordination, or a scrape), "I'll go in for and ask no questions. There are some cases in which forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

"So will I," said Lowell.

"Good on your heads, Ferg and Lowell," cried Perk, delighted at this altogether unexpected re-enforcement. "I suppose there's no need of taking the sense of the meeting in respect to the rest of us."

James Trafton had felt sore and chagrined at never having been asked to join any society, and when he came to know what efforts had been made by Morse and others on one side, and Perk and Savage on the other, to secure Austin and Montgomery, this feeling was much aggravated.

"What a fuss they are making about those little stuck-up freshmen!" he thought. "Perk, Savage, Pike, George Williams, Woodford, and I don't know how many more after them, and here I am right in the building with them, and not one of them ever said a word to me about society."

One evening, between daylight and dark, Morton was sitting alone, with his feet on the table, and his chair tipped back against the wall, when Trafton entered.

"How are you, Mort?"

"How are you, Jim? There's a chair — squat."

Trafton squatted, and began talking about the

affair that had taken place in the room of Austin and Montgomery, and expressed his surprise that they should be in such request, observing that he could not see anything particular about them. Trafton's pride was equal to his conceit, and he took great care to conceal from every eye his mortification that he was not fished. However, in the familiar chit-chat that now took place, it came out. The keen perception of Morton had no sooner detected it, than an idea was at once suggested to him that speedily bore fruit. His eye kindled, and a bright smile played on his features for an instant; but he soon assumed a demure and thoughtful aspect, as he observed, carelessly, that he didn't see how those societies got along that never fished anybody, nor endeavored to induce any one to join them.

"Is there any such society as that?" asked Trafton, greatly interested.

"So it is said, or going to be."

"What does any one do who wants to join?"

"Some most singular things. Did you ever notice a very large pine that stands in the road not far from the house of the first president, President McKeen?"

"Right in the fork of two roads?"

"Yes."

"I have, often, it is so large."

"The candidate for admission must, when no eye sees him, cut a strip of bark four inches in

length and two in width from an apple tree that never blossomed, another of equal size from a red oak that never bore an acorn, procure a turf from the grave of a man who was married and died without issue, another from that of a woman who was married and died without issue, but not the wife of the one referred to."

"What is that for?"

"I don't know. I don't know that the society is formed; but I understand it is contemplated, and, if formed at all, will be formed in three days. The candidate must then procure a stone from beneath the ocean, that the dew never fell upon, the sun never shone upon, a bird never perched or a toad squat upon; another that has been worn smooth by a running stream. He must then, with a pen that was never written with, made from a feather plucked from the left wing of a gosling that never laid an egg, write his name with red ink (never before used) on a slip of birch bark, and place it between the strips of bark, then burn up the pen and ink (for if they are not burnt, and any person or animal looks at or steps on them, the candidate will die); at twelve o'clock on a night of stars and no moon, place the two stones and the two pieces of turf around the roots of the tree, in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass, the strips of bark with the paper between the east and west points. The next night, at twelve o'clock, he must visit the tree. If he is chosen,

an egg will be found on the precise spot where he placed the paper. If he is not chosen, the spot will be bare. If he meets any person, going or returning, he must remove all the articles, and begin again."

"It is strange," said Trafton.

"Very mysterious," replied Morton; "but there are many strange things in college."

"It must be a grand society, to have so many ceremonies, and so strange, just to get in — far before any of our college societies. Neither the Peucinean or Athanean is a circumstance to it."

"I suppose so."

"Is that all you know about it? When any one is chosen, what does he do?"

"Nothing. I understand that, when they want to initiate him, he is informed in some way."

"How do you suppose anybody will know whether the society is formed, or when?"

"I should suppose, by going to the tree and placing the articles there. It is not every fellow, I take it, that will get an election to that society."

"I take it, not."

"No, sir; the Montgomerys and Austins won't walk in there with their hats on. Then it is probable that it will cost something; and it is the boys that have the chink that will go in there, other things being equal."

"Well, I hope they will form it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SECRET ORDER OF OLYMPIC JOVE.

TRAFTON retired from Morton's room with a brisk step and highly elated. His vanity never for a moment permitted him to imagine that the reason he was not fished, was because he was the butt of the class, and not wanted; he found other reasons far more agreeable to his exalted opinion of himself. But this society, with its mysterious mode of choice, tickled his fancy amazingly, and he determined in his own mind to know more of it; for here was a society that invited no one, merely rejected those they did not desire. Morton had scarcely resumed his flute, which he laid aside when Trafton came in, as Richardson returned.

"Rich, is the lesson hard?"

"Hard? No, it is easy; nothing at all."

"Well, then, go and ask all hands to come up here."

When they were all assembled, he said, "Trafton wants to join a society; he feels sore because he is not asked to join either of the societies."

"I thought," said Ferguson, "he had wit enough and pride enough to keep his mortification to himself."

"So he has; but he came in here to-night, we got to talking, and I could see how he felt: this affair of Montgomery and Austin has stirred him up, and opened the old sore. I thought, under the circumstances, we ought to do something for him, rooming right here in the building with us. His conversation suggested the idea to me that it might be well to form a society for his special benefit, and initiate him into it."

"Go ahead, Mort!" exclaimed Perk, always ready for anything of the kind. "It is perfectly clear to me that we ought to."

Morton then developed his idea more fully, which met with the most hearty approval. "I thought," said Morton, "that we could do it better through Trafton than in any other way, and that we might as well have some fun out of it."

"I think it is just the thing," said Lowell. "I was afraid you would have contrived some personal violence; if you had, I should have gone in for it, even to tar and feathers."

Keen eyes now watched the motions of Trafton; the entire community of Radcliffe forming themselves into a corps of observation, to detect his slightest movements; and Hathaway slept with him about half the time, the better to observe his motions; and now all the Radcliffes boarded together.

Two mornings after the conversation with Morton, Lowell reported, at breakfast time, that their landlady was very much grieved; for some villain had, in the night, barked a thrifty young apple tree in her garden. Hathaway also reported that Trafton kept his trunk locked, which he was not usually very careful to do.

The next afternoon he was absent from recitation, and they ascertained that he had hired a horse to go to the end of Mare Point.

"He'll find it cold diving after a stone this time of year," said Morton.

"He would dive into cold pickle," said Savage, "for the sake of joining that society."

The sweeper told Morton that Mr. Trafton was a real gentleman, every inch of him; for he had bought a gosling of her, and paid for it, instead of stealing it, as many students would have done.

"Did you cook it for him?" asked Morton.

"No. He wanted it alive."

Savage heard him ask Professor Cleaveland for a receipt to make red ink; and Perk saw him in the graveyard. Convinced that Trafton was on the track, they also began to bestir themselves.

Our readers will bear in mind that at this time Morton and Richardson, in the intervals of study, employed themselves in cutting ton timber for Tim Longley; the lot abutted on the bank of the river, where was a shoot, made of plank, for loading cord-wood; a flat-boat was moored at the end

of the shoot, the sticks of wood were flung in at the upper end, and slid down into the boat by their own weight; and, in consequence of the steep descent, the bottom of this plank box was worn perfectly smooth by frequent use.

Morton and his mates lengthened this shoot till it reached and entered the water. They then built at the upper end of it a log camp, the material for which (the tops of the trees they had been cutting for timber) was on the spot. The ground was not frozen in the woods, nor was there any ice in the river; the weather, which had been sharp during the full moon, having moderated. The camp and shoot stood at the end of the road, which had been made to haul wood and timber to the landing, and which extended half a mile through the woods: all along this road, from the door of the camp for a great distance, they planted stakes with brush put on them in such a manner as to resemble, in the night, the forms of men. By the side of the road, over which they had built their camp, was a great pine stump: this came into the enclosure on one side near the wall; some rough stones formed a fireplace, and a hole was left in the roof to carry off the smoke. The back part of the camp was built over the shoot, at the top of which a log canoe was fastened with a rope; beside the stump was a table, made of stakes and sheets of hemlock bark. While building their camp, Lowell and Ferguson, who were not of so active a tem-

perament as the rest, and could not see much sport in anything that had work in it, were deputed to keep watch of the tree.

It cost Trafton no small effort to get all the materials requisite. The barks, the ink, the quill, and smooth stone he procured without any great difficulty; but the stone from beneath the sea, and the turfs, required much effort. Trafton was an excellent swimmer—about the only manly accomplishment he possessed. He went to the end of Mare Point with a suit of old clothes, taking another suit with him, dove down with shirt and trousers on, which took the raw edge from the water somewhat, brought up his stone, put on his dry clothes, and rode shivering home. But in regard to the turfs he experienced the greatest difficulty. He could not gain the desired information from the inscriptions on the gravestones. He at length went to Dr. L.

"What do you want to know that for?" asked the doctor.

"I have a fancy for such things."

"It's a queer fancy."

However, they told him of several, but they had no gravestones, and he could not find the graves. At last the sexton told him; he obtained the object of his efforts, and with a fluttering heart deposited the articles in the manner prescribed. The next night, at the same hour, he repeated his visit to the spot, and as he peered anxiously through

the sombre shadows cast by the tree, perceived the egg; with a trembling hand he clasped it, and hastened to his room.

Upon examination, he found that the contents had been removed, that it was painted with mystical forms, and contained a roll of paper. This he eagerly unrolled and read.

It announced his election to the Society of Jupiter Olympus, and notified him to repair to the tree at nine o'clock the next evening for further directions, standing with his back against the tree, and facing the main road.

Trafton was so delighted that he could scarcely contain himself, and refrain from communicating his good fortune.

"There's a society for you," he said to himself; "a society worth belonging to. No doubt it is composed of the very first students in college — a select company. I think it quite doubtful if any freshmen are admitted to membership."

Trafton thought that Morton must have been intending to join it, as he knew so much in relation to it, and fully expected to meet him and Richardson, at least.

"Perk and Savage are very clever sort of fellows," he exclaimed, patronizingly, as he walked the floor, "but scarcely of sufficient calibre for such a society as this; they may do very well for the Peucinean and Athanean. It was probably dissatisfaction with these societies that led

the finer class of spirits to form the Jupiter Olympus. What a sonorous name! How noble it sounds! and how infinitely superior to those commonplace appellations of other college societies! How slowly these hours pass, and how I long for the time to come!"

Morton and his companions were busy making their final preparations. While working on the dam, Morton had become acquainted with a man by the name of Stanwood, and they worked a good deal in company hewing timber.

Stanwood was a jolly soul, very large and fleshy. Morton borrowed his trousers and waistcoat for the occasion, and, as the clothes were large enough for three of him, stuffed them out with straw, increasing his size so enormously that it took two sheets of fool's cap to form his shirt-bosom, which he adorned with various mystical figures. They all had mouth-pieces of pasteboard, which were fastened with a string around the back of the neck, and so altered their voices that their own mothers could not have recognized them. Morton's voice was grum, and sounded like that of a bullfrog, while Perk's resembled that of a rooster, having made his mouth-piece of a piece of birch bark, of peculiar shape. Two sheets were sewed together and crossed the camp, concealing the shoot and the canoe that lay in the mouth of it, which Morton had spent much time in covering with inscriptions and devices emblematic of the princi-

ples and work of the order. They bought a whole piece of cheap cotton, cut it into strips, soaked them in spirits of turpentine, then wound them into hard balls, so hard that they bored holes in them with a spike gimlet, and fastened them to iron rods driven into the ground, and ranged around the camp in a circle. They left an end hanging in each ball for the purpose of lighting.

This wonderful company wore peaked caps on their heads, made of pasteboard, painted red and black in alternate stripes, with long streamers of white silk floating from the top; each one wore a veil, which concealed the features, and more effectually muffled the voice; knots of red ribbons depended from the knees and elbows. They also wore black gloves. On the birch bark table were papers and all the articles that Trafton had deposited under the tree. The top of the pine stump was cut level, stone steps placed to facilitate ascent, and a canopy of boughs built over it, with a seat beneath, and over the top of it a representation of Jupiter Olympus, holding in his left hand an eagle, his right grasping thunderbolts, while forked lightnings played around his head. The picture was of the slam-bang order of design; but it stuck out, and under the circumstances was imposing. The most astonishing and impressive part of the scene was the head-dress of the presiding officer, which was a helmet of enormous size, surmounted by a spread eagle — one that Morton had shot and stuffed some months before.

On the left of the stump were six stakes set in the ground, pointed and painted red. The greater part of these preparations were made by Perk, Savage, Hill, and Hathaway. Morton and Richardson furnished the designs, although they all united to build the camp and lengthen the shoot.

"I'll tell you what we must do, Mort," said Perk.

"What?"

"We must have more in number than ourselves in the camp; if there are just as many fellows as room in Radcliffe, he will think it is something of our getting up, and a hoax."

"I never thought of that; but it is so."

"I don't want anybody else, I'm sure," said Rich.

"We might," said Savage, "take Pike, Haley, and Davis; they are good fellows."

"We have done all the work," said Hill, "and I should like to have the fun all to ourselves; besides, we can trust each other, and we are not so sure of anybody else."

"Look here," said Hathaway. "What's to hinder making sham figures, putting them a little back, and veiling them from head to foot?"

"That's it, Hath," said Morton; "then all we shall want will be stakes driven into the ground with brush on them; the veils will cover all."

This was accordingly done, and five more figures were added.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INITIATION.

THE longest day James Trafton had ever experienced came to a close at last, as all days do, whatever may be the character of the circumstances in which we are placed.

So intensely was he occupied with his own secret reflections and hopes, as not to notice, that, when he left the building, it was entirely deserted of its inmates, and had been, with the exception of himself, for some hours.

Swiftly did he measure the ground on his way to the tree, anticipating the time nearly fifteen minutés, and, trembling with mingled fear and nervous excitement, placed himself in the position he had been directed to take, beneath the sombre shade of the mighty tree. He thought of Bloody-hand, and how much he had then suffered during the progress of what, after all, proved to be a hoax. As he listened to the solemn moan of the night wind in the forest, and caught through the branches the gleam of a solitary star, he almost wished himself safe in his own room. But he

choked down the feeling as he reflected upon the honor which awaited him as a member of a society deriving its appellation from Olympian Jove.

"What will my father say?" was the idea ever uppermost.

His attention was now arrested by glimpses of a figure approaching, with measured steps, from the depths of the forest. Slowly it came forward, till, reaching the main road, it beckoned him to approach. Trafton had taken but a few steps, when he was seized from behind with such force that it was impossible for him to turn; a close-fitting cap was instantly drawn over his face, leaving ample room to breathe and speak, but completely blindfolding him. The suddenness of the attack, coupled with his previous reflections, caused him to scream with affright; upon which he was told there was no cause for alarm, as it was one of the established customs of the society, and that he must accompany them.

Ashamed to have manifested weakness in such august presence, he walked along as rapidly as blindness would permit, with two persons holding him by either arm, while he could hear the footsteps of another in advance; this he imagined to be the one who had beckoned to him, and longed to lift the cap and peer out; but his attendants on either side held his hands with a firm grasp.

After travelling, as it appeared to him, a long time, he was sensible of great and increasing

roughness in the path, and could plainly perceive the odor of pine woods; then he was ordered to stoop, and by the increased warmth and peculiar feeling of the air, was sure he was in some kind of a building, and also heard the snapping of a fire. In an instant the cap was lifted suddenly from his face, and he found himself surrounded by such an intense light as blinded, stupefied, and compelled him to close his eyes. When he had recovered himself a little, he again opened them, and saw he was in a building of logs, surrounded by a circle of balls of fire that produced a light so intense that the very structure of the bark on the pine, the grain of the wood, and the little threads of moss that traversed the rough bark of the logs were plainly visible. On each side of him were figures in most singular costume, veiled, silent, motionless; before him extended from the roof to the floor a white curtain, the very threads of which could be seen in the brilliant light, and covered with figures of many hues (red and black predominating), which Trafton in vain tried to decipher; on his right hand was the pine stump with its canopy; and while Trafton's eyes were fastened upon the representation of Olympian Jove upon the crown of the arch, the curtain shook violently, then separated in the midst, and a personage came forth of such terrible presence and colossal proportions that Trafton's teeth chattered in his head and his knees seemed ready to

give way. On his head this person wore a white wig, as large as a bushel basket, which fell down over his massive shoulders, surmounted by a helmet, upon which perched an eagle, that Trafton thought to be alive, with thunderbolts in its talons.

The face of this strange being seemed, in contrast, not larger than a child's, with a visage perfectly bloodless, and a red cross on the forehead, and was the only figure not veiled.

One of Trafton's attendants whispered to him that this personage was the president.

"What is his name?" asked Trafton.

He was informed that no names of members were communicated till an individual had been a member of the society for a month.

"Is he not majestic?"

"Awful! awful!" replied Trafton.

With vast show of respect he was assisted to mount the stump, and stand beneath the canopy of boughs. A long, blood-red spear was then brought to him, which taking in his right hand, he ordered the secretary to read the constitution of the society; then, in a deep, grum voice, he inquired of Trafton if he was the person who had deposited the articles on the table under the pine, and if he wished to become a member of the fraternity of Jupiter Olympus.

Trafton, more dead than alive, replied in the affirmative. The president then seated himself,

and a glass vessel full of a red substance, which Trafton imagined to be blood, was placed beside him. The secretary now came forward with a fifteen-minute glass, and placed it upon the table.

Trafton's attention being directed to the table by this occurrence, he noticed for the first time the six stakes with sharp points; and while he was wondering what they could signify, the president announced that it was time for the services of initiation to commence.

The secretary turned up the sand-glass, and instantly two of the veiled figures, seizing Trafton by both arms, plumped him down upon the stakes. He sprang up with a yell that was deafening, at the same time clapping both hands to the aggrieved part.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the president, in a voice of thunder; "is it thus that you dare insult the majesty of Olympian Jove, and flinch from the established ordeal of this fraternity? Nought but compassion will withhold my arm from transfixing you with this spear." As he spoke, he poised the keen weapon in his hand. Trafton humbly acknowledged his crime, and begged that he might be permitted to seat himself. Receiving a nod of assent, it was wonderful with what care and how gingerly he sat down.

"Is it painful, brother?" asked the president, as with watery eyes Trafton sat gazing at the glass, and almost counting the sands.

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In

"It is, very, please your worship."

"That is well; it is intended to be: the stakes are made from an apple tree that never bore, and carefully sharpened; great responsibilities and high tasks await those who enter the pale of this society, and it is meet that through suffering they should be made strong to endure."

At length the sands all ran out of the glass, and Trafton was ordered by the president to rise, which he did with much more of alacrity than grace. He was now shaken hands with and congratulated by all in the room, except some silent figures that stood aloof, motionless, and veiled from head to foot. He inquired who they were, and why they were so closely veiled, and took no part in the ceremonies, and was informed that they had violated some of the rules of the society, and would not speak there, or be spoken to, for a year and a day.

The president now ordered Trafton to be brought before him, and, after referring to those passages in the constitution by which the members were bound to aid each other to the extent of their ability upon all occasions and at all times, informed him that Professor T. was a member of the society, having joined it when a student in another college, but that those ties and obligations were inalienable, binding while life endured, and that no after-circumstances could weaken their force; consequently, if he was hard put to it in recitations, all

he had to do to obtain relief was to stop, close the book, put it under his arm, look the professor square in the eye, and give the society signs for aid in distress, and that the professor dare not, upon his life, refuse to respond; if he should, he would be placed upon stakes of iron instead of wood, and the most terrible tortures inflicted upon him. He was to give the single sign first, and, in case he should disregard that, and try to bluff him off (as perhaps he might), make the double one — that would do the business. He then gave him the single sign for aid, which consisted in closing the right hand, putting it to the right eye, and looking through it at the person signalized, at the same time squinting with the left eye. The double one was merely placing the left hand on the right, and looking through both, as through a telescope. He was then informed of the grip by which members were recognized, conducted to the door, and shown the long line of stakes, which to his excited fancy, seen from a distance in the dim shadow of overhanging trees, appeared like human forms, giving him a magnificent idea of the number of the members.

The president, now taking his spear in his hand, and drawing himself up to his full height, thus spake: "Son of the water-worn stone, and of that never wet with dew, and the trees that never bore fruit, I now pronounce you a worthy member of the Society of Jupiter Olympus. At the ap-

pointed time, other matters will be communicated to you; you will be notified as to the time and place of assembly by a sure hand."

He then beckoned him to approach, and, dipping the point of his spear in the red liquor, made a cross on his brow, similar to that upon his own, at the same time giving him a white stone slightly tinged with red, set in a frame of apple-tree wood, on which were engraved the letters *Ac — H — on*, signifying, he was told, "Acheron," the motto of the society, and also the password at its meetings.

The cap was again drawn over his eyes, and the presiding officer, in a solemn tone, and evidently much moved, thus spoke: "Son of the water-worn stone, of that never wet with the falling dew, young scion of the trees that never bore fruit, brace thy strong sinews, summon all the courage of thy lofty nature, for the final trial, the conquest of '*Acheron*,' the river black with horrid. shade. As the course of that dark stream was beneath the roots of the mountains, and amid realms unvisited by the sun, so is thine, my brother, dark and arduous; but as the heroes of yore, so must thou press through trial to renown."

During the delivery of these words, James could discern through the cap the faint glimmer of that intense light; but as the voice ceased, all light vanished. Nevertheless, the eloquent appeal to which he had listened utterly failed to touch any answering chord in the breast of James. More

dead than alive, he was grasped by the arms, led forward a short distance, and then laid at full length, in — he knew not what, but felt the wind on his cheek, and, cautiously stretching out his arms, felt of the sides of the place that contained him. Several turns of a rope were then stretched across the receptacle a few inches above his breast, a strain of sweet music rose on the air, and a voice cried, "Son of Olympian Jove, courage! Think of Hercules, Ajax, Achilles, and cling for thy life to the rope!" At the same instant his hands were placed upon the rope, the covering snatched from his eyes, and in utter darkness the receptacle in which he lay began to move; for a moment slowly, then with a velocity that caused his head to swim, and almost took away his breath, till its farther progress was arrested with a shock and plunge that would have flung him into the air like a football, had he not, remembering Ajax and Achilles, clung convulsively to the rope, while he was at the same time completely drenched with water. He now gave himself up for lost: familiar with the classical account of Acheron rolling its dark waters around the abode of departed spirits, deep in the bowels of the earth, coupling with it the allusion of the president, and feeling the water beneath him as he lay, he conceived at once that he was in the channel of that subterranean stream, and, not daring to unclose his eyes, resigned himself to his fate.

CHAPTER XV.

THE REALMS UNTRAVELLED BY THE SUN.

JAMES lay long in this half unconscious state, wondering whether he was in this world or another, listening for the bark of Cerberus, the three-headed dog, that, as he had read, guarded the gates of the eternal prison, the scourges of the Furies, and expecting momentarily to be hailed by Charon, the grim ferryman of Pluto, doubtful whether either the single or double sign of the society would avail anything with him. His reverie was rudely broken by a loud hail.

"What are you 'bout, thar? Git out from under the bow of this 'ere craft!"

Opening his eyes, he saw the stars looking down upon him, and, to his amazement, found himself in a log canoe, partly filled with water; the "painter" of the boat, rove through the thole-pin holes, was passed across over his breast, and the canoe itself wedged under the square bow of a scow, that two men — taking advantage of the flood tide that made up the river from the bay — were sculling to the tail of the saw-mills.

As James was at first too much confounded and prostrated with all he had undergone to pay any attention, or even move, one of the men said to the other, —

"Steve, that canoe's adrift. Go forrard and shove her out from under the bow."

The man addressed by the name of Steve came to the bow of the scow, and, seeing Trafton lying flat on his back, gazing up into the sky, exclaimed, —

"Who are yer? and whereabouts do yer belong?"

James, still confused, and his mind — what there was of it — still employed with all he had just seen and heard, exclaimed, —

"To the Society of Jupiter Olympus."

"I say, where did yer come from?"

James, still in a muddle, replied, —

"From the River Acheron."

"*Akron?* Where's that? Is it a big stream? carry a mill? a good river to drive logs down? Where does it run to?"

"To the infernal regions, under the roots of the mountains, in realms untravelled by the sun."

"Who are yer, anyhow?"

"I am, friend Charon, the son of the water-worn stone, of that never wet by the falling dew, of the trees that never bore fruit."

"Friend, it's my opinion yer drunk, and purty kunfounded drunk, too; but if yer give me any of

yer sarse, I'll knock yer inter the middle of next week."

"Shove him clear, Steve: let him go down stream. We must save the tide."

Steve, taking up the pike-pole, struck its point into the head-board of the canoe, when the other, suddenly dropping his oar, exclaimed, —

"Hold on, Steve; hold on. If he's drunk, most likely he's got a bottle; and a leetle wouldn't harm you or me, this cold night."

Hauling the canoe alongside, they saw the rope.

"I'll be blessed, Mr. Mariner, if he ain't lashed in!"

Not finding any bottle, they began to question Trafton, who, fearful of betraying some secret, and thus incurring the wrath of Olympian Jove, and, on the other hand, afraid of the boatmen, — who, angry at not finding the bottle they expected, seemed half inclined to knock him on the head and fling him overboard, — preferred not to understand.

"Mr. Mariner," said Steve, "that ere looks like Uncle Haley's canoe."

"So it does. But he allers keeps his'n above the falls."

"I say, youngster, did yer come over the falls?"

"I came through the awful place, swift as lightning," said James, "and am all wet through."

"Ain't yer one of them ere collegers?"

"Yes; I am a student of Bowdoin College."

"That's it, Steve; just as I told yer. Some of them ere chaps have got him drunk, lashed him in, and set him adrift above the falls. Yer see the canoe is half full of water. If he'd got himself drunk, of course he'd had a bottle with him."

"Wal, here goes," cried Steve, preparing to shove.

"Hold on. 'Tain't much kunsequence 'bout him; he seems to be a green goslin'. But if we let him drift down stream, Uncle Haley will lose his craft; or, if 'tain't his'n, somebody else will. So row him ashore. I'll scull in and take yer."

"Friend," said James to Steve, "please tell me where I am."

"I allers answer a civil question. Yer on the Androscoggin, 'bout abreast old Wheeler's, near as I kin tell this time o' night."

Paddling the canoe ashore, he made her fast to a bush, and walked up stream, to the point for which his companion was making, without in the least concerning himself about the fate of the "colleger," though anxious that Uncle Haley should not lose his craft.

"Who goes thar?" he shouted, as a swift trampling and a rush through the underbrush were heard.

No answer.

"What is it, Steve?"

"The cattle, I guess."

"Wal, I've been driving logs, rafting timber, and working on this ere river, man and boy, this twenty-five year, and I never seen nor heerd of but one man before him that went over them ere falls alive."

"Who was that, Mr. Mariner?"

"Old Deacon Dunning. He fell off a jam o' logs above the falls, and was caught in his own salmon nets, that he had stretched across the quick water at the bottom."

"This ere chap wouldn't a come out alive, if he hadn't been drunk."

"Wal, he'll have something to tell of, if he don't tumble inter the river, and git drownded, — arter all."

"P'raps what I heerd in the woods was some on 'em follerin' down stream, to see if he come out dead or alive. They'd been likely to swing for it, if they'd killed him."

"No, they wouldn't, Stephen. Them ere chaps won't tell on one another. Besides, there wouldn't a been much of any stir made about it. If it had been a good rugged man, like you or I, that's some use in society, why, they'd been missed, and there would a been some stir made; but one o' them critters, it's no more kunsequence than though you cut a wood worm in two sawin' a sap-rotten hemlock."

It was a clear, starlight night; and Trafton, after sitting a while in the boat, clambered up on the

bank, and sat down again. He was familiar with the river, and recognized the point at which the boatman touched to take in his companion; and, being thus free from all concern in respect to finding his way back, strove to arrange his thoughts. Not unmindful of the Mohawk affair, he was at first inclined to suspect a hoax; but, as he reflected, his self-esteem led him to put an entirely different construction upon the matter, and to conclude that he was really a member of a society of gifted spirits, and had passed all the ordeals of admission. He had heard that the Freemasons, who were certainly a great and honorable body, broiled members on a gridiron over a slow fire, at initiation, and therefore thought it not at all strange that he should be placed upon sharp stakes, and launched into the river; for he believed he had come over the falls, and that when the canoe stood quite on end, and made the final plunge, he was going over the edge of the dam.

He drew the mystic stone from his pocket, and read the inscription by the daylight that was now breaking.

"What a grand address that was of the president, and made directly to me!" he thought to himself. "Even Morton couldn't come up to that. No; Morton is a smart fellow and a good fellow, but Mort couldn't do that. 'Son of Olympian Jove, child of the water-worn stone, and of that never wet by the falling dew, and of the trees

that never bore fruit," he repeated in triumph, in a sonorous tone, and with appropriate gesture.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he rose, very carefully, "I, too, have a secret now to keep, and one *worth keeping*. I wonder what Morton means to do to Professor T. I should think it was time to do something, if he ever intends to. Term will soon be out. I wonder what they would think and say if they knew that I belonged to the same society he does. I would like to see him snub me as he does Prior. I would let him know who is who."

Trafton kept his secret faithfully, and met his companions as usual, longing for the time when he should receive a notification of another meeting of the society, when he expected to meet the members without disguise, and become personally acquainted with them all. He was extremely anxious to know who the president was, and hugged himself when he thought what a good time he should have putting others on the stakes. In the mean time he solaced himself by frequently taking the mystic stone from his trunk, and reading the inscription.

Three days after this a startling rumor disturbed the dull monotony of social life in Brunswick village, and speedily formed the staple of conversation and surmise at every boarding-house table and everywhere else.

No sooner had Morton, and the Radcliffers that boarded where he did, sat down to breakfast, than the landlady exclaimed, —

"O, Mr. Morton, have you heard what a dreadful thing has taken place?"

"No, ma'am," replied Morton, "I have not heard of anything out of the common course."

"Mr. Pollard, the butcher, was here this morning, to bring me some steak, and he says that Green, his partner, was down in the interval after a lamb, and they told him there that two men were coming up the river in a scow, and found a student dead drunk, lashed into a boat, half full of water, and that he said he had come over the falls. They said they knew he had, for the boat belonged to Mr. Haley, and he always kept it above the falls. They searched to see if he had any rum with him, because they were going to pour it into the river, that he might not drink any more; but he had none. So they thought—and everybody thinks—that they got him drunk, and then tied him in; because, you know, if he was drunk he couldn't tie himself in. Goodness me, what times we do live in! As Elder Mariner said the other Sabbath, wickedness rules."

"Did they know his name?" asked Morton.

"No. As long as he wasn't hurt they didn't think much about it, at the time; but since they've heard it made such a stir, they wished they had, though he was so drunk and far gone, it was hard to get much out of him. Excuse me, Mr. Richardson, I haven't given you any coffee; but I'm discomboberated with this dreadful news. I told

Mrs. Betsey Bowker and Fanny Jones, the other day, after I heard of some of their doings over to college, I did wish Elder Mariner would call and pray, and settle me, I was so stirred up. Mr. Trafton, you're not eating anything. Perhaps your steak is too rare."

"No, ma'am; it is very good."

"Well, I don't wonder such things take away your appetite. They do mine."

"It seems," said Savage, "that nobody was killed or hurt."

"O, Mr. Savage! but to think what *might have* been! The thoughtless wicked wretches, to send a fellow-creature — a child, as you may say — into those roaring, raving waters, where the great logs go end over end, as I've seen them with my own eyes. Mrs. Hannah Minot run in this morning to borrow a mess of coffee, — she thinks I have a faculty to burn coffee, — and I was saying to her, 'Hannah,' says I, 'how I should feel if I had such awful, awful creatures boarding with me!'"

"Perhaps," said Perk, "there's nothing in it, after all. There are plenty of people in this village who have nothing else to do but get up stories about the students; people, too, who get their living out of them."

"O, Mr. Perkins, this must be true, for Jim Green saw the boat himself; and the man he bought the lamb of heard one of the men that found him tell the story in Jotham Stone's store. Jim is go-

ing to carry the lamb to the president. I tried to get a hind quarter; but he put me off with a fore quarter. I didn't stomach it very well to be put off — anybody that takes as much meat of him as I do! but he says, 'Mrs. L., what *can* I do? The judges are riding circuit, and are going to dine with the president; and Parson Eaton of Harpswell is coming up to preach to 'em;' and what could I say? Jim says he means to tell the president's wife, and see if something can't be done to stop such outlandish goings on."

"What business is it of Jim Green?" said Hathaway.

"*Business*, Mr. Hathaway! It's everybody's business — such goings on are. If they're not checked, there's no telling what they'll come to."

"I wonder what the old woman would say," thought Trafton, as he sat listening and sipping his coffee, "if she knew *I* was the fellow who went over the falls."

"I wonder," said Morton to Perk, "what these good people would say if they knew what *was done*, they make such an ado about what *might have* been."

"Sure enough. But it would have been all day with us if those fellows had found out his name."

"There's one thing I've always admired in Trafton," said Mort; "let him be what he will, he can keep a secret; and it is no easy matter to worm anything out of him he resolves to keep. I'll risk him with the faculty."

Jim Green was as good as his word; and there was so much talk, that at length the faculty thought they must look it up, and see if there was any foundation for the rumor. The first step to be taken was to ascertain who brought it on to the hill. It was traced to Mrs. Susan Dunning. When one of the faculty called on her, she was, to use her own expression, "struck all of a heap."

Susan deposed, that it was her custom in the fall of the year to lay by herbs, in case of sickness, sweet flagroot, tansy, thoroughwort, and such like, and had, in the latter part of the summer, employed Nancy Getchell to procure them. When Nancy brought the herbs, she told her that "Stephen Getchell and one of the Mariners was coming up river in a scow, and that a canoe drifted afore of them, and there was a young man lashed in it drunk, and he said he was a student, and had come over the falls; that the canoe was half full of water, and belonged to Mr. Haley, who lives above the falls; that they towed him ashore and left him; and they heard the students 'cawhooping' and 'cawalloping' in the bushes, and supposed they got him;" and that was everything she knew about it. But she thought it was an awful thing, and ought to be searched into, or nobody would be safe.

When the officer called on Stephen, it appeared that the young man was not fastened into the canoe, only some turns of the rope passed across

the boat, which he was holding on to, and that he had the use of his limbs. It further appeared that he never told the scow-man that he came over the falls; but that he came through an awful place, swift as lightning; and, in the final result, it came out that the canoe was not Haley's, but Tim Longley's, and belonged below, instead of above, the falls. These discrepancies threw discredit on the whole affair; and it was thought by most people that the scow-men made it. Finally, the investigator found a man who said that he worked in the night-gang in Weld's mill, and, as he was going home in the morning,—he lived most down to Huston's,—he saw a parcel of students going through the woods towards the college, laughing and talking; and as he went along by the bank of the river, he saw this same canoe, fastened, and a student sitting by it on the bank, who got up just as he came along; he asked the student what time in the morning it was; he pulled out his watch, and told him; that the student then asked him the nearest way across the plains to college, and he directed him; and that the student was as sober as he was. Then everybody knew and said that the student had shammed drunk, to put a joke on the boat-men, and give people somewhat to talk about.

"What vexes me," said Ferguson, "is, to see how readily these people, who get their living entirely out of the students,—like our good landlady

and these butchers, — will take up anything to their discredit, believe and circulate it, even though it be downright murder."

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that, before the story was fairly in circulation, and persons began to visit the locality, the logs of the camp were all cut into cord-wood, and Tim Longley's shoot was no longer than before. Thus the astounding rumor died away.

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAFTON GIVING THE SECRET SIGNAL TO THE PROFESSOR.

PROFESSOR T., to whom reference has been made, although an excellent man in most respects, was, at the same time, of very unequal temperament, nervous, and subject to dyspepsia. While suffering under attacks of this latter disorder, he was liable to violent outbursts of passion, inclined to satire, and disposed to treat in a most contemptuous manner any who were not prompt in recitation. He was aware of his infirmity, and disposed to make amends when the temporary excitement had passed away.

One morning as he arose, after having passed a sleepless night, with a lump under his breast bone, as he told his wife, as large as a goose egg, he found the president's cow in the midst of what remained of a fine lot of cabbages, that were to have been put in the cellar that forenoon, the professor preferring to keep them in the ground as long as possible. While, in his wrath, putting up the fence after the intruder, he tore a ghastly rent

in his pantaloons. Now, the professor's salary did not, by any means, admit of tearing broadcloth; he would much rather the rent had been made in his own flesh.

He was very partial to soft-boiled, fresh-laid eggs at breakfast; but, in addition to all his other causes of discomfort, the eggs came to the table that morning as hard as rocks.

Just as the bell rang for recitations, the servant-girl shouted that the cow had torn down the fence, and was after the rest of the cabbages. When the professor entered the recitation-room that morning, smoking-hot under the pressure of so many causes of irritation, he was in a most vicious humor.

"Won't sinners have to take it this forenoon?" whispered Morton to his next neighbor, as the professor wiped the perspiration from his brow, and, with a bitter smile looked round upon the class, as though selecting the first victim.

It seemed as though everything in connection with the exercise that day was purposely arranged to increase his ill humor. The best scholars recited but indifferently, and a third of the class said, "unprepared." Indeed, he would not permit any one to make a good recitation. He did his best to screw Morton, and, vexed at not succeeding, bothered him so much that it spoiled his recitation; took up Pike, Brooks, and Bailey, and screwed them; then, pouncing upon poor Prior, like a hawk upon a dove, brought the tears to his eyes.

He kept on, becoming more severe, and cutting savagely right and left. At this stage of the recitation he got a rude reply from Hill, — who, having been on a spree the night before, was as cross and nervous as his teacher, though from a different cause, — that put him in a perfect rage.

By this time the class were pretty well stirred up, some angry and sore at their own mishaps, others, who had escaped themselves, quite disposed to laugh at those of others. At length he came to Trafton, who, to the surprise of Mort, translated fluently and accurately; but this did not suit the professor in his then frame of mind; so he proceeded to question him on the grammar. Trafton was at fault in a moment. With the most perfect self-possession, he closed the book, doubled up his right hand, and, putting it to his eye, coolly contemplated the professor, while the whole class burst into a roar of laughter.

"Trafton," cried the professor, "what do you mean by such conduct?"

Instead of making any reply, James put up the other hand. It was now impossible to discern an object the length of the room for dust raised by feet that it passed either the ability or inclination of their possessors to control. In the midst of the din, the professor's voice was heard, dismissing the class, and ordering Trafton to remain.

"What do you suppose he will do to Jim?" said Rich, when the Radcliffers reached the hall.

"Murder him? He was black in the face with rage."

"Good enough for him," said Savage. "It will teach him that being a bear is a game more than one can play at."

Then the ludicrous appearance of James taking sight at the enraged professor occurring afresh to their minds, all burst into a simultaneous peal of laughter.

"What, think, would be done to us," said Ferguson, thoughtfully, "if Jim should tell. The professor will do all he can to get something out of him. And he is so soft!"

"But he don't know anything to tell," said Savage. "He couldn't give names if he wanted to; for I am as sure that he did not recognize one of us as I am that I am alive."

"There's one respect," said Morton, "in which I did not, and could not, cover my tracks, which escaped me at the time; but I've thought of it since. Should the professor say to Jim, 'Trafton, how did you know that such a society as you describe existed, and who solicited you to join it?' he might say that I told him such a society was about to be formed, and seemed to know a great deal about it. That would send the professor hotfoot after me."

"The prof won't think of that," said Hathaway. "The moment he finds there's a society in the wind, he'll see through the whole of it, and think

of nothing else but finding out who its members are."

"Yes; but when the professor comes to tell Trafton it's all a hoax, he will suspect in a moment that we have done it, and will be so mad that he will bring us out; at any rate, me, for he knows that I was at the bottom of the Mohawk affair."

"I tell you, Mort, you are judging Jim by yourself. He would just as quick lie, in a case like that, as to eat his supper, and would sooner cut his hand off than let out our names, even if he knew it was we, for he would dread the reckoning afterwards more than all that the government could do."

"That is so," said Rich. "He knows the government could not protect him from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of Bloody-hand and his braves, and will prefer that his hair should remain where nature placed it; nor can the professor worm it out of him, for he will scent danger afar off."

"I thought," said Morton, "I knew what hard work was before; but I never was so used up as I have been in this scrape — working all night and studying all day. I reckon if Uncle Tim comes along, he'll think we haven't hewed much timber in the last fortnight."

"He'll think," said Rich, "we've made it up cutting cord-wood. But I'm not clear that the sliding paid for hauling the sled back."

"I am, Rich. When I saw Prior laughing as

though he would split, while the tears were still in his eyes from the raking the professor had just given him, I got my pay twice over for all the labor it has cost me. But I wish we could have thought of some other way to bring it about, than by making a stalking-horse of Jim."

"I think," said Ferguson, "we put him to a very good use — a much better one than he will ever be likely to put himself to."

"The professor," said Lowell, "will be ten times as vexed when he comes to find out that it did not originate with Trafton, but he was made a tool of. Won't he be cut up, though!"

"I didn't go into the thing for the sake of cutting him up, merely, — though I confess I was mad enough at the time, — but for the sake of teaching him to treat modest and worthy fellows decently, when they are doing all they can. Now, the question is, what is to be done? For, if he thinks it was done to insult and put a joke on him, I, for one, shall, in a good degree, miss my aim."

"I didn't go into it for any such reason," said Hill, "but for the fun of it, and for revenge in regard to Prior, and some hard knocks I've had myself."

"I've nothing against him," said Morton. "He's a good teacher, and has never troubled me."

"Nor me," said Rich. "But no thanks; it was because he couldn't."

"I don't care," said Morton; "he *means* right,

and when he gets over these fits, I believe, is very sorry for them, and, if he could only know how overbearing and unjust he is, *could* and *would* govern himself. He's always been a teacher, had boys to deal with, and the habit has grown upon him. If he had only worked as I have with Tim Longley's crew, and got a clip on the side of the head for insulting people, he would have been more on his guard."

"What are you going to do about it, Mort?" asked Ferguson. "Do you intend to call upon the professor some evening, and inform him that you and others inflicted that thing upon him, with the purest motives, solely for his good, and trust that it will have the desired effect; tell him the names of the actors, and throw yourself and us upon his generosity?"

"Not quite that, Ferg. Still, I wish there was some way in which he could see it in a proper light."

"Well, Mort," said Perk, "can't you get up another society, to show it to him in another light?"

"Yes, do, Mort," said Hathaway. "That society would have its mission as evidently as the Society of Jupiter Olympus had. It would have for its object the mental and moral improvement of our fellow-creatures. You'll have to get it up, Mort."

"No more of your remarks, Mrs. Fisher."

Morton's desire that the professor should perceive the real intent of the joke played upon him was accomplished by the most unlikely means — even through Trafton.

The professor had no prejudice in respect to James; there was not enough of him. He simply considered him a dunce; there was not the least satisfaction in probing him. He could neither irritate him nor excite any emotions; the bark of self-conceit was too thick, and, for these very reasons, he felt less inclined to stand upon his dignity in the presence of James, and was more disposed to talk freely with him, than he would have been with a boy of more character, who might have taken advantage of it. He also knew very well that James cherished a great respect for dignities, and attributed his conduct to the effect of liquor.

"Trafton," he said, "how dare you presume upon such a gratuitous insult to me, in the presence of the class; and what have you to allege as excuse for such outrageous conduct?"

If the professor expected to make a strong impression, never was a man more disappointed. To his amazement, Trafton marched up to him, and, looking him squarely in the eye, uttered, with great emphasis and most commanding tone, the word "Acheron!"

"Young man," said the professor, solemnly, "unless you instantly surrender your present habits, you will have actual experience of the place with which that word is associated. Go to your room, Trafton, sleep off the effects of your debauch, and come to my room at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Professor T., I was told that you would try to bluff me off, and pretend ignorance; but it's of no sort of use. You know, sir, as well as I can, that Acheron is the password of a great society, of which we are both members; and you know, too, that the single and double signs, which I made in recitation, were the signs for aid in distress; and you refused to recognize them, or help me through, and are liable to have to answer for it to the society, and be set on sharp iron stakes, red hot."

Blank astonishment at first kept the professor silent and attentive; but the moment Trafton uttered the word *society*, a new light dawned upon him, and the flush of anger gradually gave place to an expression of eager curiosity. As James concluded, he contemplated him a few moments in silence, and searched in vain in his features for the signs of debauch. At length he said,—

"You have recently joined a society; what is the name of that society?"

"The Society of Jupiter Olympus, sir."

"Where did the initiation take place?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Were there many members?"

"A host of them, sir."

"What were some of their names?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't trifle with *me*, Trafton; *I* am not a person to be *trifled* with. You are already exposed to condign punishment for insulting a college offi-

cer. Tell me, instantly, the names of the members of this society."

"I cannot tell you, sir, what I do not know."

"You certainly know where you were initiated, who were present, or, if they were disguised, who invited you to join, and took you to the room."

"No, sir, I do not; for I was seized in the road, in the evening, from behind, blindfolded, and taken to the place."

"Were you blindfolded while there?"

"Not all the time, sir."

"Do you not know who were there?"

"No, sir. They were all disguised. I could not tell one."

"Was it in a college room?"

"No, sir. In a log camp, just such a one as my father has to boil maple sap in."

"Were you conveyed from the place blindfolded?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you find yourself?"

"On the bank of the river," said Trafton, determined to be non-committal, for he began to wonder at the ignorance of the professor in respect to the affairs of the society.

"And you were told that I was a member of this society?"

"Yes, sir."

"Trafton, you have been shamefully imposed upon, and made a tool of, to insult me; for I don't

believe that any harm was intended you. The society is all a hoax, and I acquit you of all intention to insult me, for I believe you did it in the simplicity of your heart. I wish you could aid me in bringing the authors of this affair to justice. When and where will be the next meeting of the society?"

"I don't know, sir. I am to be notified of the time."

"This is the last you will ever hear of it, then."

"I hope so, sir," replied James, greatly enraged and mortified.

"Do you know any particular cause for this insult? Am I particularly obnoxious to the class? I have always endeavored to be faithful to my duties as a teacher."

"I know what most all the class say about you," said James, in the "simplicity of his heart."

"What, pray?"

"They say that you are a good teacher, and some of them think you are a good man; that you are very kind and polite when they meet you in the street, and when they go to you for any favor; but that in recitation you are a real bear; and I heard somebody say one day that if you should treat him as you sometimes do Prior and Bailey, he would fill his pockets full of stones, and throw them at your head."

"Who said that?"

"I don't recollect. There was a whole room

full, all talking at once. The day that you talked so to Prior about the neuter accusative, they wanted to tar and feather you; but somebody said you was a neuter accusative. That made us all laugh; and they dropped it there."

"Whose room was that conversation in?"

"The recitation-room, sir."

One is in doubt which most to admire in Trafton — the charming candor and simplicity with which he informed the professor of all that was said about him in the class, or the dexterity with which he eluded all the attempts of that functionary to extract from him any information that might fasten suspicion upon individuals. The whole interview evinces the shrewd estimate Hathaway and Richardson had formed of his character. Trafton, although the most credulous of mortals, had some strong points. He was a good mathematician, excelled as a punster, and those who, deceived by his good appearance, entered into a contest of wits with him, often came off second best.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAFTON MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

AFTER the professor had left the recitation-room, having told Trafton that he acquitted him of all blame in the matter, and advised him to have no more to do with any society whatever, that child of the stone, upon which the bird never perched and the toad never squat, sat in moody silence.

It would be doing even Trafton injustice to conclude that he had not learned somewhat by the varied experiences through which he had passed. He saw, clearly enough, that Morton had originated the society for the sake of annoying the professor, and believed that all the Radcliffers, at any rate probably Pike and some others, were also partners with him. He also remembered, now that his suspicions were aroused, one or two words that Morton was in the habit of using, which occurred in the course of the speech made to him by the president, and felt, as he was the victim and they the aggressors, that they were, to some extent, in his power, if he chose to put the faculty

on the scent. He also saw, just as clearly, that he could not break with them in that manner and stay in college, and believed it was about as much as his life was worth to inform. He was likewise quite elated, and his vanity gratified, by having done so bold a thing as to beard the professor, and cause such a roar in the class; knew that all the class, except the Radcliffers and their assistants, would attribute to him this audacious method of putting down the professor, and avenging Prior; and also knew that the Radcliffers could not take the credit of it, or make it public that he was their tool, without exposing themselves, and incurring the risk of some informer's telling the faculty. Thus he left the recitation-room, determined to be master of the situation, if possible. When he reached his own room, he found the door wide open, and all the Radcliffers there, who received him with open arms.

"Trafton, you're a bully fellow," said Morton. "Let me embrace you."

"Jim," said Rich, "you ought to have a statue of brass, ay, of gold. Here we have been planning and aching to take the professor down a peg, we felt so hurt in consequence of the savage and uncalled-for brutality with which he treated Prior; and you have taken the matter out of our hands, and done it to perfection."

"A bold fellow are you, Jim Trafton," said Ferguson. "How dared you do such a thing?"

"What did he say to you?" asked Savage. "Just tell us that, Jim."

"He wanted to know how I dared presume upon such a gratuitous insult to him before the whole class, and wanted to know what I had to allege in excuse for such outrageous conduct, and what motive I had for doing it."

"What did you say to that?" exclaimed all, in a breath.

"I folded my arms on my breast, and looked at him."

"Then what did he do?" asked Morton.

"Told me to come to his room at eight o'clock to morrow morning."

He then told them, in a curt manner, that they must leave, as he had some letters to write, and could not be disturbed. Upon this, all adjourned to Morton's room; sitting down, they all looked at each other a while in silence, evidently ill at ease.

"Jim is quite short and peremptory," said Perk, at length.

"He feels his oats, too," said Hill.

"It is the first time I ever knew him to be engaged," said Rich. "You might stay in his room all day, and he would be all the better suited. He is forever coaxing fellows to go to his room, and writes letters when we are all in there."

"What makes you so sober, Mort?" said Hathaway. "What is your opinion?"

"I'm afraid," said Morton, "that we are about

to get into trouble, and that there is reason for sobriety."

"Why, Mort?" said Rich.

"You saw how short he was just now — as good as ordered us out of his room. That is altogether a new thing. It is plain to me that the professor has enlightened him, that he suspects us, and is mad."

"Well, what if he is? Let him get pleased again."

"I think, when he said he folded up his arms, and looked at the professor, he lied; or that he did a great deal more than that — told him all about it, and who he thought did it."

"What he *thought* would not prove anything."

"He might tell him that I put him on the track of the society. He is quick-tempered; his rage might make him regardless of consequences, and overcome his apprehensions of what we might do to him."

"He may have seen or heard something," said Savage, "that, now his fright is over, he can use against us. I lost a knife, with my name on it, when we were tearing down the camp. He may have found it."

"He never would know the place," said Hathaway.

"I don't know. Jim is a great fellow to remember localities. He might have seen under the handkerchief."

"There is, however, another thing, Ed, that

troubles me not a little. I wrote a letter to my brother Dick, told him what kind of a fellow Trafton was, and what we were going to do, and the fellows that were in it. I had it in my pocket, and was going to put it in the mail that night, before we began proceedings, but forgot it, and lost it while there."

"O, Hathaway," said Mort, "what made you do so foolish a thing as to put anything of that kind on paper, and especially to tell it to an outsider?"

"I feel as bad as anybody can about it, and am sorry enough I did; but I was so tickled with the whole thing, I thought I must tell Dick."

"I don't think," said Ferguson, "there is any great reason for alarm. It is not at all likely that Trafton would ever find the place, or think of searching for it; and, allowing he found it, there is little probability of his finding the letter. It is just as probable that it was lost in the woods, or in the fire, as in the canoe, or in any place where it would meet his eye."

But, notwithstanding they all strove to convince themselves and each other that there was no reason for alarm, they were inwardly in great perturbation, especially Morton and Hathaway, who began to reap as they had sown, and experience some of the discomfort they had so often occasioned Trafton.

James, whose perceptions had been somewhat quickened by his varied experience in college,

perceived that they were troubled, and enjoyed it exceedingly, assumed very lofty airs, used the most pompous language, and strutted about college with such evident self-complacency, and an affectation of superiority quite amusing, which would have provoked some jest at his expense from his companions, had they not been occupied with dismal forebodings and apprehensions.

In order to keep up appearances, Trafton started the next morning for his pretended interview with the professor, and, thinking he might be watched, took the direct road to his house, and, entering the gate, passed through the yard to the back of the house, and went into the woods, where he remained, sitting on a stump, for a sufficient time, as he thought, when he returned to Radcliffe. He was well aware that, upon his return, he would be closely questioned; and some boys in his position would have concocted a fine story in respect to all that had transpired. But Trafton, though he had no objection to a falsehood, was not possessed of sufficient capacity or shrewdness for this. He was, however, shrewd enough to hold his tongue, and utterly refused to give the least information — indeed, treated his interrogators quite cavalierly. This, however, alarmed his companions more than anything he could have originated.

"He is working for the government," said Savage.

"He has turned informer," said Hathaway.

"Perhaps," said Richardson, "he has made up his mind to take his revenge by informing, and then leave college."

"I see how it is," said Perkins. "It is the night for the government meeting to-night. He has found Hathaway's letter, and given it to the professor, and to night the prof will bring it before the faculty, and we shall hear from it."

The next morning, directly after breakfast, the professor sent for Morton to come to his house. Morton turned pale. The Radcliffers made sure that all was over; and as Morton, in no little perturbation, left the hall, Hill said to Perkins and Savage, —

"Let us fasten Trafton's door, and fasten him in; then, when Morton comes back, we shall know where to put our hands on him."

To Morton's indescribable relief, the interview resulted in nothing more formidable than the professor requesting him to recover a tin pail, which the servant had lost in the well.

It is superfluous to say, the Radcliffers were eagerly watching for his return.

"It is all right, I know," said Rich, "by the way he walks and holds his head. Let's go and meet him.—How did the prof seem?" asked Rich.

"Just as usual," replied Morton. "I guess all is right, and perhaps we were alarmed without cause."

As they entered the building, they were saluted

with a great outcry from Trafton's room, who was kicking the door, and clamoring for release.

"What did you fasten me in for?" said he, when liberated.

"Thought we might want you for something special," said Savage.

Time passed on, and it was evident that Trafton had given no information, and, probably, had none to give. But Tim Longley rode up to Radcliffe, inquired for Morton, and, giving him a knife, said, "Here's a knife I found in the canoe. Perhaps it belongs to some of your friends."

It was Savage's knife.

Every one noticed a marked improvement in the deportment of the professor. He treated Prior, and all the members of the class, with the greatest courtesy, won golden opinions, and seemed both gentle and genial — quite another man.

"He must have taken the hint, Rich," said Morton. "But I wish I knew what passed between him and Jim Trafton; and I will."

"How are you going to do that, Mort?"

"I'll find a way, or make a way; see if I don't."

But in this respect he was anticipated by Perkins, and in a manner that proved much less agreeable to Trafton than the method Morton was contemplating. Trafton was a great glutton, and Morton had determined to offer him a supper, with the others, in his room, if he would inform the company of what passed between himself and

the professor, and, in the event of Trafton's declining, resolved not to aid him in his lessons or themes; hoping, by these two powerful agencies, to bring him to terms; for Morton and all the rest were desirous to ascertain whether the professor merely began to feel that his deportment was obnoxious to the class in general, or whether he supposed it was his treatment of Prior that had occasioned such a decided manifestation of their opinions.

The weather had been cold and stormy for some days, but cleared with a sharp wind. The Radcliffers all started off, Saturday in the afternoon, for a walk to Maquoit, though the ground was covered with sleet. Trafton had an engagement for that evening, which he was very anxious to meet. On their return they were obliged to face the wind, which blew so violently that they were forced to take shelter for a while under the walls of the old church, about a mile from the present village, and then much dilapidated. They thrashed their benumbed fingers, to restore the circulation, read the inscriptions on the ancient stones in the churchyard, entered and viewed the building, so different in its structure from church edifices erected even at that early period. While the rest were thus engaged, they were summoned by Perk, who had lingered behind, to view a singular machine he had found in one corner of the church lot.

It was weather-worn and sun-cracked, but, being made of oak, was without any signs of decay, and lay upon its side.

"What kind of a concern do you call that, boys?" said Perk.

None of them could tell, having never seen any such thing before, till Lowell, who had been in the gallery, came up, and said, —

"I know. It's a pair of stocks."

"What are they for?" asked Morton.

"Why, they used to have them in old times to put people in, for punishment. I've seen the remains of a pair that used to stand before the court-house in our place; and father said that was what they were for. Let us right them up."

They were, indeed, a pair of stocks, which, long since gone out of fashion, had been hauled from the place they originally occupied, and left to decay with the old church.

Upon setting this structure upright, they examined it with great curiosity. It consisted of two upright posts of oak, set in foot-pieces of the same material, and strongly braced. Between them was secured a thick plank, set on one edge, rising up a short distance from the ground. The posts above these were grooved, and in these another plank was inserted, which could be raised or lowered. In the lower edge of this were arched holes, just large enough to fit a person's legs above the ankle. In the top edge of this plank were hollows to re-

ceive the wrists, while another came down upon it, to secure them. The criminal was made to sit on the ground, and place his legs in the hollows of the lower plank, when the upper one was let down by the constable, and locked with a key, as a door. Sometimes this was the only punishment; at other times, both hands and feet were put in, when the officer, putting the key in his pocket, left the prisoner to his reflections, exposed to sun, wind, and rain. The locks were rusted and broken, the key gone; but otherwise the old affair was as effective as ever. With their knives they dug the ice from the grooves of the posts, and one after the other got into the stocks; some putting in only the feet, others both hands and feet.

It was possible for a person to lift the upper bars, and extract his hands, and then, by their aid, raise the other bars, and remove his feet, unless they were locked.

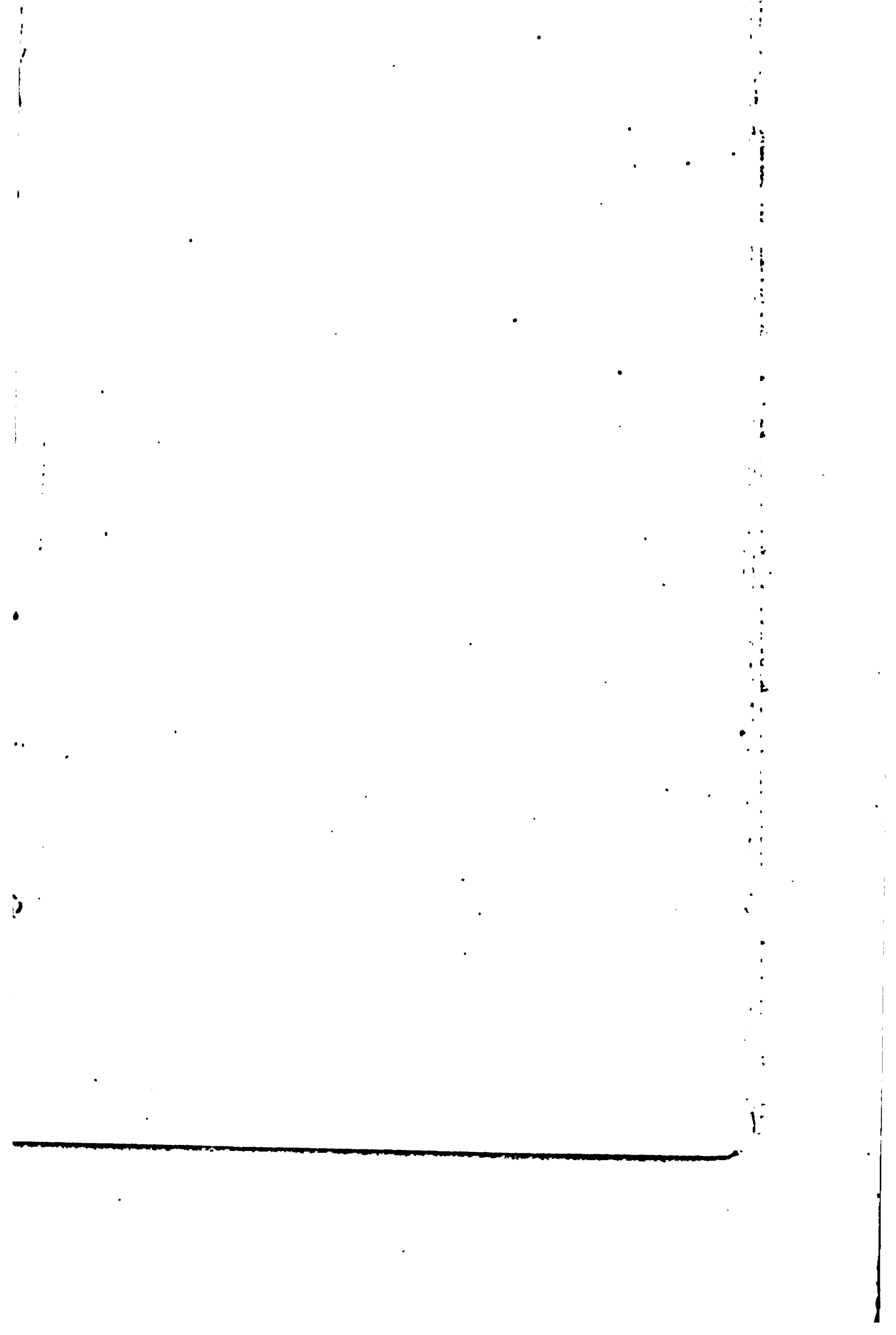
When it became Trafton's turn, he wanted both hands and feet imprisoned, as he said, "to go the whole figure." This was accordingly done, when Perk said to him, —

"Jim, if you'll tell what passed between you and the professor, we'll let you out; if you don't, we won't."

"I won't do it."

"Then we won't let you out."

"I'll get out myself." And he began struggling



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violently; but Perk and Savage got astride the bar, and effectually neutralized all his efforts.

"Will you tell us?" said Hathaway.

"No, I won't."

"Then stay there."

"I don't care; you'll have to stay, too, to keep me."

"Not so fast, my dear fellow," said Hathaway; and, taking Hill, they brought four rails from a fence, and, placing two of them side by side, at each end of the plank, put flat stones on them.

"Good night, Jim," said Perk and Savage, jumping from the plank, while all, locking arms, stepped off, at a brisk pace, for the college.

"Stop! stop!" roared Trafton, frightened half to death at the prospect of spending the night in the stocks.

Upon this they all returned, when Trafton faithfully related the entire conversation; at which they were so highly gratified that they not only liberated him, but praised him so extravagantly that his heart leaped in his bosom; and Morton invited him to a supper given in his honor; and, moreover, by keeping to themselves the affair of Jupiter Olympus, permitted him, as far as others were concerned, to have the credit of having originated the joke upon the professor; and it never would have come out but for the merest accident.

When the Radcliffers left college, Hathaway

gave a lot of old clothes to Harry's wife, among the rest a vest. When she came to rip it up, to alter for Harry, she found the note he had written to his brother between the lining and the outside, it having slipped through a rent unnoticed by Hathaway.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SALT ON RAW FLESH.

TRAFTON, in his struggles to liberate himself from the durance of the stocks, had abraded the skin of both hands and feet — of his feet to such an extent that his stockings adhered to them, and he was fain to apply to Mrs. Semicolon for bandages. While at her house, under treatment, Harry came in and handed him a letter. It was from his father, inquiring if he had become more thoroughly acquainted with the workings of the Society of Jupiter Olympus, ascertained the names of its officers and members, and whether Morton, Richardson, and others, of whom he had frequently heard him speak as his intimate friends, and the most promising young men in college, were members of it.

"The more I reflect upon it, my son," wrote the squire, "the more I am inclined to rejoice at your good fortune, and to congratulate both myself and you upon this most audacious (the squire meant 'auspicious') event of your whole life. I trust, in the natural progress of events, you will come to

be president of this select fraternity of young and gifted spirits; and I beg of you, when you write me, to be very minute and particular, especially in respect to the Society of Olympian Jove, as even matters that, to your more enlarged capacities, seem trifles, and hardly worthy of notice, are exceedingly interesting to your fond father, removed from all literary society, and without associates of any higher culture than Jerry Williams. By the way, my son, the mention of that hateful name brings up a sore grief. Would you believe it, James, your brother William is possessed of so little prudence, consideration, and respect to my feelings, as to have—without my consent, or even suspicion—engaged himself to be married to Jerry Williams's daughter, though, I have no doubt, with the connivance of his mother, who seems delighted at an event the most disastrous that ever happened to our family, and that has made my heart ache. It is to me perfectly unaccountable, your mother's liking for that conceited family. They do very well as laborers—are quite convenient at times in that capacity; on that account I have let myself down, and accorded them a familiarity that I now fear has encouraged preposterous hopes, and rendered this outrageous misalliance possible. Indeed, I would disinherit him, and send him packing at once, only that I hope yet to be able to break it up; and I cannot well do without him, for your brother is a person of great

industry and energy, and very skilful in all farming work. I had, in my own mind, destined him for a merchant; but he seems to have no ambition higher than the length of his ox-goad. I talked seriously and affectionately to him, told him that the girl was a good girl enough, but not fitted by her advantages to move in the circle he would move in. But, finding I made no impression, I told him, if he did not relinquish his mad pursuit of her, he should never touch one cent of my property; upon which he had the assurance to tell me that he never expected to; that my management and your education, together with bad bargains, would use it all up; that he was capable of earning his own living, always had earned it, and so was the girl capable of earning hers; and I might turn him out of doors as soon as I pleased. You see what has been the result already of his intimacy with that conceited family, and what presumption he manifests.

"There has been a young lady here from Portsmouth, Miss Thistledown — a most divine creature, uses the most elegant language, plays on the harpsichord, writes poetry, dresses with great taste, and sings most sweetly; but William would hardly treat her with common civility; said her singing was screeching, and reminded him of the noise a hen makes when she is caught on the roost in the night; that her poetry sounded like the jingling of sleigh-bells, and that she did not know the

meaning of the words she used. Where could he have learned such rude comparisons, except from the Williamses?"

The squire concluded by telling his son that Miss Thistledown was worth eleven thousand dollars in her own right, but that William declared she would be dear at a million; and by conjuring him not to forget to tell him all that was proper for him to divulge in respect to the Society of Jupiter Olympus, and console his afflicted father.

As James sat before the fire, with his bandaged wrists and shins, after the perusal of this letter, he flung himself back in his chair, in no enviable or amiable state of mind.

"O, dear!" he exclaimed, shoving the letter under the forestick, "what a pack of lies I have got to tell about that abominable society! I shall never hear the last of it, now that father has got hold of it."

He, however, consoled himself with the thought of the supper which was to be given in his honor in Morton's room; and he also perceived very clearly that he might, after all, make the Society of Olympian Jove a means of getting a great deal of spending-money out of his father, by telling him the initiation fee was large, and the assessments frequent.

Indeed, the squire often had occasion to open his purse to the demands of Jupiter Olympus, which he always cheerfully complied with, till

Trafton, finding it so ready a method of obtaining pocket-money, congratulated himself on having joined the society; while his companions, with whom he shared the proceeds thus obtained, were inclined to the same opinion.

Morton and Richardson were both very desirous to excel in writing, and exerted themselves to the utmost to accomplish this end. They, however, differed as much in the methods they adopted as could be conceived. Both loved the classics, and were never weary of translating from English into Latin and Greek, and back again. Richardson was never so happy as when translating the Odes of Horace and passages from Virgil into rhyme; and yet Morton's style had more of the poetical element in it than Richardson's, though he never rhymed. Morton read but little, and adhered to the instructions he had received from his father in this respect, when at home under the old tree on summer afternoons.

Richardson followed his example, and both of them employed most of the hours not required for their lessons in translating and writing.

When Richardson was engaged upon a theme, he shut himself up in the bedroom, and wrote the first draft with great care, then rewrote, and often more than once or twice, although his emendations were chiefly verbal; the ideas were seldom changed.

Morton, on the other hand, sat right down to the

table before the fire, when, perhaps, half of Radcliffe Hall were in the room, and made a sort of rough skeleton of the subject, every once in the while dropping his pen and joining in the conversation; when it was blocked out, he flung it into his desk, then, perhaps, the next evening, when all was still, would take it out and spend three or four hours, accomplishing nothing more than preparing a skeleton, — that is, as far as putting words on paper was concerned; though, doubtless, much more than this was effected in the recesses of his own mind. Richardson, in the mean time, had written right along, putting down the ideas as they occurred, his pen and thought keeping even pace; and by the time Morton had made his skeleton, Richardson had written his second draft.

Morton now touched pen to paper no more till he had written nearly the whole of his theme in his mind, even to the language and illustrations; and he did it out doors, anywhere; you could not interrupt him. He would carry it in his mind a week, when he and Richardson were hewing timber. All at once the chips would begin to fly, and he would be at the other end of the stick in a moment. Rich would smile, for he knew very well that Morton was thinking of anything else but hewing timber, though habit guided the axe.

The Radcliffers would all start to go to the post office, or to Maquoit; all at once they would miss Morton, and, upon looking, discern him seven or

eight hundred yards ahead, going like a soldier on a forced march. But when, having brought it all out in this manner, he sat down to put it on paper, it went on quick and hot; and, being in so great a degree produced by the friction of thought, thoroughly digested, not gathered from books, but from the outward world, amid the woods, the fields, and the affairs of every-day life, it was natural, direct, and had a spruce-gum flavor about it — was alive in every feature. But Morton's work did not end here. Although he made no alteration in the plan, he changed and corrected illustration, language, and thought, over and over again, not till he was satisfied, but till he was obliged to hand it in.

"Rich," said Morton, "do you know what I am going to do?"

"No. How should I know?"

"Well, I have worked everlasting hard on this theme, and feel pretty well satisfied with it. Before I hand it in to the professor, I am going to send it home to my father, and get his corrections."

"I would, Mort; that will be first rate. I certainly would."

Accordingly, after having read it to Rich,—who was highly pleased with it,—Mort put the production into the mail. In due time it came back; and after supper Morton and his chum sat down before the fire to ascertain the result. Morton opened

the letter, and, when he glanced over the production upon which so much time had been spent and thought bestowed, in respect to which he had been so well satisfied himself, and that had elicited such encomiums from Rich, and saw the great number of black lines drawn on it, he was so vexed, mortified, and disappointed, that he threw it into the fire.

Richardson, who was patiently waiting till Mort had perused it, caught it out.

"O, Mort, what did you do that for?"

"Because; just look at *that theme* I worked so hard and did my best on, and father to go and smut it all over like that, and take out about half of the passages I thought the finest! I never will write another theme — it's no use. I'll go home, go to chopping cord-wood and hewing timber. I know I'm fit for that, and that is all I am fit for."

"O, Mort, don't talk so. I don't think there's such a vast deal of correction. Why don't you read the letter?"

"I've a good mind to throw that into the fire, too."

"What! your father's letter? Why, what a bad boy!"

After a while, under the soothing conversation of his chum, Morton calmed down sufficiently to read the letter.

"My dear boy," said the good minister, "you will doubtless be surprised, perhaps somewhat

wounded, by the sharp criticisms I have passed upon your production. I have, indeed, criticised it closely, doubtless more so than your professor would deem it expedient to do, under the apprehension of discouraging you, and because he might not incline to make the explanations that I shall now make. In the first place, my son, taken as a whole, it is a most creditable production, both to your head and heart; and, notwithstanding the corrections I have made, I am very much gratified with it. Recollect, if you should live to enter upon professional life, all the faults that I now criticise — in order that you may see and correct them — will be commented upon behind your back, and to your disadvantage. Your style abounds in thought, originality, and force; but there is a want of directness, an exuberance and floridness, that require repression. But you have the best reasons for encouragement, for it is very easy to prune off branches, but impossible to insert them."

When Morton had read the letter, with a much more cheerful expression of face, he handed it to Rich.

"A nice boy you would have been," said Rich, "to have burned that letter before you had read it, and the theme too. See what it is to have a chum who has some sense. Now you won't have to go to chopping cord-wood for a living."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY.

"FELLOWS," said Morton, as they walked up from breakfast one morning, "come into my room."

All went but Lowell and Ferguson. It was not long before they were so much disturbed by the noise over their heads that they could neither read nor write. Seizing a broom, Lowell began to thump with the handle on the ceiling.

"What's the matter?" cried Mort.

"Make less noise up there; keep your feet still."

"Come up here, both of you."

"We might as well go," said Ferguson, "for they won't keep still. What are you about, and what are you making such an everlasting racket for?" said he, as they entered the room.

"Discussing Trafton," said Rich.

"I shouldn't think that need take a great while, or make such an uproar."

"Mort thinks we ought to get him an election to one or other of the societies."

"I know one thing," said Perk: "he won't get into the Athanean if I can hinder it."

quiries respecting it. Perhaps the sweetest passage in the letter was that which informed him that he might freely communicate to Parson Bradford the statements in respect to the Peucinean Society.

In due time James received another letter from his father, the tone of which — so jubilant — was quite in contrast with the other. After expressing in no measured terms his satisfaction, he conjured his son to make the heart of his father glad by exerting his rare powers of declamation to the utmost, for which the society he was now connected with afforded an ample field; impressing upon him his favorite maxim, "that sound produced vastly more effect than sense," added more to one's reputation, and produced notoriety.

"What do you think of that, boys?" said Morton, one evening, as he held up a paper to Lowell and Ferguson, covered with names. It was a subscription list to purchase books for the society, and against Trafton's name was fifteen dollars, marked paid.

"If he is no credit to us by his brains," said Lowell, "he will certainly aid us by his purse."

"That he will," replied Richardson, "and, if he puts a valuable book in the library, may do a great deal of good to boys who have plenty of brains and no money."

"I'm glad we took him in," said Morton. "It was right, and we are now beginning to get our remuneration."

us; and, though we might have taken revenge upon him, — which would not have been the most manly thing in the world, — we should have had to leave."

"I don't care," said Perk; "*we* won't have him."

"Well, then," said Rich, "*we* will."

"I go in for that," said Lowell.

"And I," said Ferguson. "But who'll fish him?"

"What little fishing there will be to do," said Rich, "I will undertake."

To the great surprise of all, when Rich mentioned the subject to him, Trafton flatly refused to have anything to do with it, saying he had seen all he wanted to of college societies.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," said Hill.

At the expiration of a few days, however, Trafton informed Richardson, that if Morton would tell him, in so many words, that it was no sham, but that they really wished him to join the Peucinian Society, and not some spurious affair of their own getting up, that he should very much like to do it.

"I do wish my name was Morton," said Savage. "Just look at it. Here is Mort has originated nearly everything that has been done to Trafton, and he knows it, and yet will take his word, and trust him, and won't any of the rest of us."

Morton gave Trafton the required assurance, and in due time James became a member of the Peucinean. He was now relieved from much em-

barrassment, as he had not yet replied to that doleful letter from his father, for the simple reason that he dared not write without saying somewhat in respect to the Society of Jupiter Olympus, and knew not what to say. He was also exceedingly proud of his position as member of a real society, to which belonged Morton, Richardson, Lowell, and Ferguson. The very next morning after the initiation, he sat down and wrote to his father, and counselled him not to oppose William in his love matters; that he knew opposition would only make his brother more obstinate; he knew he would not think of marriage for years, and it might be a mere boy-and-girl affair; and perhaps, if they were let alone, he would get over it; and, above all, not to fall out with Uncle Jerry, for he was a very good friend to him.

James retained a very vivid recollection of certain wild beasts, over which he once swayed the sceptre of eloquence; and vacation was approaching.

He informed his father that it was neither lawful nor safe to communicate any information in respect to the Society of Jupiter Olympus, beyond what he was already in possession of; and that he must by no means breathe a syllable to Parson Bradford; for he knew very well that the shrewd divine would soon enlighten his father in regard to the merits of that society.

He then proceeded to tell his father of his

admission to the Peucinean Society. Here he enlarged and grew eloquent; he soared on eagle's pinions, dilated on the library, the character of its members, and said most of his bosom friends belonged to it, and all wished they did; informed him that at their weekly meetings they had dissertations, declamations, debates, and a paper, which was read before the society by the editor; that there were two editors, the principal and his assistant; that at the door of the chief editor's room was a box, into which the members dropped their contributions, which the editor read, and, if approved, brought them before the society in his paper. He told him about a piece of poetry that Richardson had written, and was going to hand in at the next meeting, about

> "A pitch-pine dog
> With a birch-bark tail,"

and what fine speakers and debaters Morton, Ferguson, and Richardson were.

This letter of James,—only a portion of which we have given,—so full, so interesting, by reason of the pompous style and words difficult of pronunciation,—many of which James did not know the meaning of himself,—answered perfectly the purpose he intended, and so delighted the father as to completely eclipse in his view the Society of Jupiter Olympus, and effectually prevent him from troubling his son with any more inconvenient in-

and mud beach, and where he, with the Radcliffers, had often dug and roasted clams. The wind came down from the high land in Freeport and Bungernuck, and swept across the bay in terrific gusts, and the waves wore white with foam. The banks were perpendicular, and, the tide being at full flood, left quite a narrow margin between the bank and the water. Indeed, there was no lack of wind or sea, and as much elemental uproar as Demosthenes himself could have desired, but very little choice of position, since there was but one place where James could stand without being drenched by the spray, unless he stood on the top of the bank, which he did not wish to do, it being warmer under the shore, the bank making an eddy wind. This was a little nook over which hung a half-dead beech. One of the long roots of the tree, having been washed out of the bank, extended half across the spot. It was a veritable honey-pot, where Captain Jack Minot had lost his best cow the autumn before. On top were a tough skin of blue clay, some chips and weeds brought by the tide, and, beneath this, a mire thin as porridge, and extending farther than the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

James rallied all his energies, and, with a voice that would have made the fortune of any town crier, began to declaim Satan's call to his discomfited host. Meanwhile the thin skin of blue clay was gradually settling beneath him. Entirely ab-

sorbed in his work, and unconscious of his danger, he had thrown every energy of his nature into one terrific shout, —

"Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!"

when the long-stretched crust gave way at once, and he sank to the middle in the vilest of all compounds, as we, from actual experience, can testify. James, thus arrested in mid-volley, instinctively spread out his hands on the crust beside him, and thus arrested, for a short time, the tendency to sink farther, and recovered breath. But this barrier began in its turn to settle, and much more readily, since it was only an edge, and the offensive slime began to overflow all around, softening the crust still more.

He had now settled to his armpits, and was terribly alarmed, feeling that the mire would soon ingulf him. Before him was a broad bay; he was far — he knew not how far — from any habitation, and at that time of year people were not at work in the fields. At this juncture a gust of wind blew off his hat, and his handkerchief, which was in the crown, caught and stuck in the mud. James resolved to make one effort for life. Just over him, but a little on one side, was the long, dead root of the beech; a smaller root, not thicker than his thumb, shot downward from this a few inches, and then turned, something in the form of a fishhook. Stretching his left hand, with the palm

downwards, far out on the surface, where some sticks and chips helped to stiffen the crust, he, after several attempts, succeeded in flinging the bight of his handkerchief over the root, retaining the two ends in his hands. He now seized the handkerchief with both hands, and felt he was reprieved from instant death, since he could sustain himself, but dared not attempt to do more, lest the root should break beneath his weight.

He now experienced new cause of alarm; every third wave breaks with more force than the two preceding it. James noticed this, and imagined that the tide was flowing, and he should be drowned, and began to shout for help. He now realized the benefit of his assiduous practice in vocal training, and remembered hearing Perk—who paid great attention to elocution, and was always screaming through the woods with Savage, to see which could be heard the farthest—say, that "Obadiah" could be heard farther than any other word, which is true, with the exception of the sailor hail, "ahoy."

He instantly began to shout, "Obadiah! Obadiah! O!"

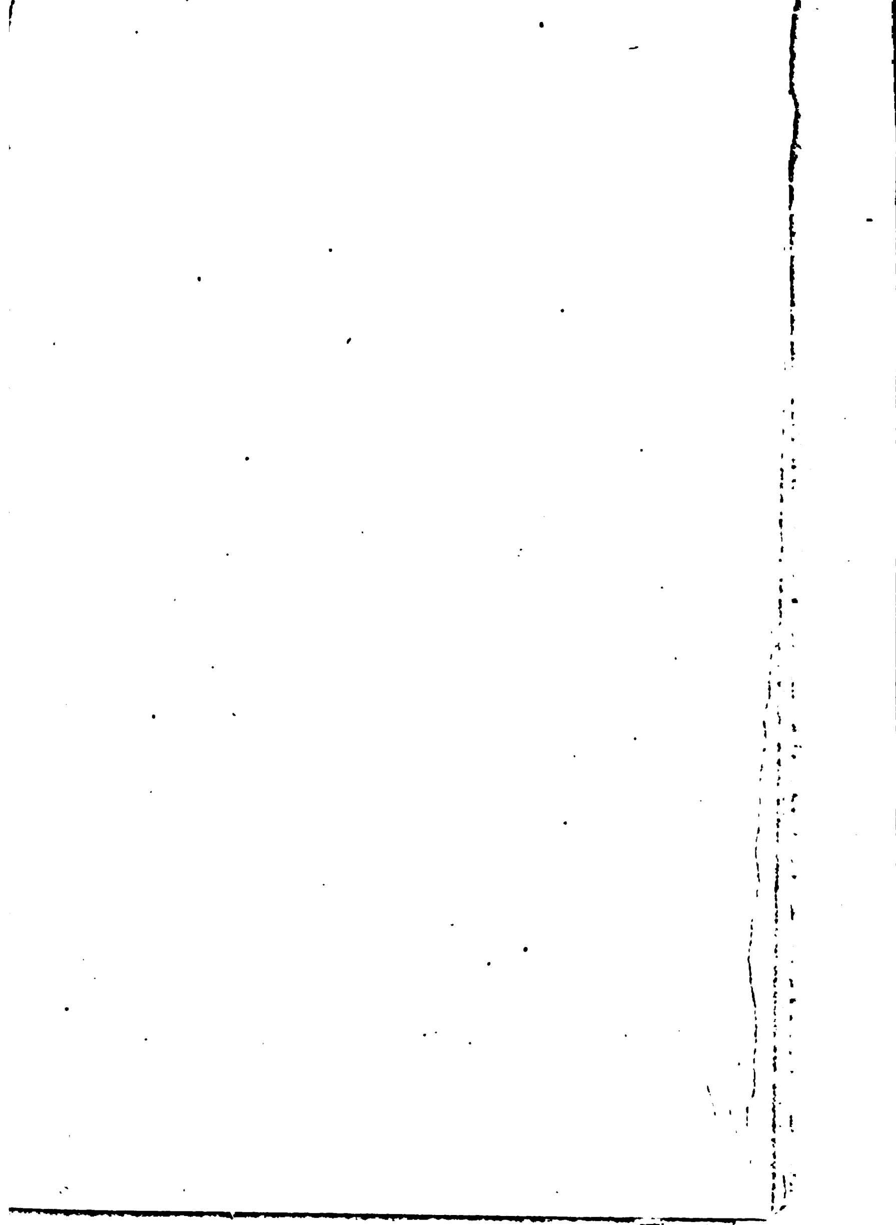
In those days it was the custom in Brunswick to set up the town charges for bids; the lowest bidder took them. Captain Minot had bid off a simple fellow by the name of Obadiah Swamkee. He could chop wood, feed the hogs, and go of errands, with some overlooking, but would often

steal away, lie down under a bush, and go to sleep. At one time he went to sleep on the flats; the tide flowed over him, and, if he had not got on to a fish-hedge, and his cries been heard, would have perished.

It chanced that day that Mrs. Minot had sent Obadiah up to Mr. Simpson's to borrow some pearl-ash, and, as usual, he was in no haste to come home. The captain, who had only arrived from sea the day before, was looking over his stock of cattle, that were feeding around the house. The wind was just in the right direction to bring Trafton's shouts to his ear, and there was plenty of it. Borne on the wings of the hurricane came, in rapid succession, "Obadiah! Obadiah! O!"

Seeing that Obadiah was not at his post, chopping wood, he instantly concluded he had wandered off, and was in some dilemma, and, without going into the house to inquire, hurried off in the direction of the sound.

The captain was a rough-spoken, "hard-weather" sailor, of great energy, a fractious temper, and not particularly choice in the use of language. He was by no means, at this time, in the most blessed of humors, as he had jammed his foot on the homeward passage, by reason of a spare spar parting its lashings; and at the start, after sitting, it still pained him to walk. Swearing, grumbling, invoking all sorts of dire calamities upon the bones, timbers, and other component parts of Obadiah, he



JAMES TRAFTON IN THE HONEY-POT. Page 228.

limped along, never doubting but it was the simpleton come to grief, as it was his method of complaint to use his own name. Half a dozen times in a day he would run to Mrs. Minot, saying, "Obadiah's hurt his foot," "Obadiah's got a splinter," "Obadiah's hungry."

Suddenly the captain stopped short in his tracks, exclaiming, "I believe the fool is in the honey-pot. I'll give him honey-pot!" and looking round for something wherewith to execute his threat, picked up a stake that had dropped from a "sloven" cart-body. James had just concluded a prolonged howl, when he heard, shouted in gruff tones from the bank, "Stop your blarting, you jackass. I'll give you something to blart for!" and looking up, beheld a fierce-looking man, with enormous whiskers, and a club in his hand.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed, seeing his mistake; "and where do you hail from?"

"James Trafton, sir; Squire Trafton's son; and am a member of the sophomore class in Bowdoin College."

"What are you in my honey-pot for?" roared the captain, raising the cart-stake, as though getting into the honey-pot were a flagrant offence.

"Please, sir, I didn't see any honey."

"That's honey under your nose, there. Can't you smell it? That's Mare P'int honey. What sent you on to the back side of Mare P'int this rough day?"

ng him to the water, and after giving him a good
nse, dismissed him with a hearty kick.

Regardless of his hat, James made the best of
s way, thinking only of escape; but Sam Graf-
n, wrapping his handkerchief around a stone, put
in his hat, and flung both far ahead of him.

In woful plight, ashamed to follow the road, and
ivering with cold, James made his way through
lds, pastures, and over gullies, towards college.
ie exercise of walking, however, soon restored
e circulation, and the north wind, which was
w in front, soon dried the mud so that it began
crack and cleave off. It was dusk when James
rived at the head of Mare Point, and to the main
id running through the plains to college. All
low with the efforts he had made, he sat down,
lled off his boots, turned the water out of them,
d wrung his stockings. He then took off his
it and vest, — the mud on them being frozen
r, — and beat them against a tree and with a
ck; scraped the cakes of mud from his trousers
th a chip; then, with a much lighter load to
ry, continued his walk along the main road.
alking through the woods to the hall, he found
lark, with the exception of a light in Hill's
m, the others having gone to hear President
pleton, who often preached to the students
urday evening. Thus he was able to reach his
m undiscovered, and more dead than alive. It
s with the utmost difficulty that he summoned

15

"I came to speak a piece. We have to spea
pieces in college, and I came to practise on th
beach when the sea roared, to strengthen m
lungs, as Demosthenes did."

"Don't you try to palm off any of your lies o
me, or I'll wallop you," raising his stick. "I a
aware of the spies them rascals up there send ou
to see who's got a good flock of turkeys, or gees
or chickens. I shouldn't wonder if you are th
very chap that was prowling round Lew Sim
son's barn last fall, and that he fired a charge o
shot at. You've found out that my turkeys roo
down here in the oaks. I'll just let you stay her
and rot."

James now poured forth such piteous entreatie
that the captain — who, probably, was not in ea
nest — relinquished his purpose, and said, —

"I can't go after a board, with my lame foot; bu
here are some people coming."

The persons referred to were four of the neig
bors, who, hearing Captain Minot had arrived, cam
to see him, and being told by his wife that he ha
gone to the shore, followed him. James was no
soon relieved from his dangerous position. Informe
by Captain Jack that he was a colleger, prowlin
round to spot turkeys, John Skollfield, an activ
powerful young man, ran out on the trunk of th
tree, and seizing him by the hair and collar of hi
coat, flung him out on the bank.

"He needs washing," said Ben Stanwood, dra

sufficient resolution to kindle a fire, and clean himself; but after washing, putting on clean raiment, and partaking of a hearty meal at the public house, he felt like another man, and congratulated himself that he had escaped with life from perils manifold. It was no small consideration to be able to keep the matter from the knowledge of the rest; and, mentally resolving to carry the secret with him to his grave, he went up stairs to have a chat with Hill.

CHAPTER XXI.

TRAFTON AS BRUTUS.

ASCENDING a little knoll, the party marked the progress of Trafton, the water churning in his boots, spurting from their tops at every step, while a little rill of mud and water descended from the skirts of his swallow-tailed coat.

"Reckon they'll think he's a pretty bird when he gits there," said Tom Simpson. "Don't believe the flies will light on him, if he *has* been in the honey-pot."

"Most wish I hadn't put him in the water," said Stanwood. "That mud was enough for him to lug to the falls this cold day, and agin this wind. But I don't see what he was arter, way over here on this western shore, afoot and alone."

"Sarved him right," said the captain. "I can tell you what he was arter; and he wasn't alone, neither. He was arter my turkeys. They tell me that the turkeys have been roosting in these oaks all the fall; and he was prowling round to see where he could make a good haul, and skulking along under the bank to keep out of sight of any-

body that might happen to be in the fields, and fell into the honey-pot."

"What makes you think there was two?" said Skollfield.

"Because he hollered for the other one to come and help him. I was out doors, and heard somebody screeching Obadiah, and thought it was our poor creature in some trouble, because I didn't see him round. And when I got here, there the fellow was, hollering Obadiah with all his might. So, you see, that must have been the other feller's name, and he's on the skulk round to some of the other neighbors' fields or barns; and when it got dark, they kalkerlated to make their haul."

"I guess you're right, cap'n," said Stanwood, who lived near the end of the Point; "for I was hauling up drift stuff, one day this fall, and this same feller—I'm positive 'twas him—comes down where I was; and the minute he seed me, he turned and went down towards the eend of the P'int. When I got up to my load, there was a horse and waggin hitched to a tree; and arter about an hour, this same chap comes back and drives off. I suppose then he was kinder smellin' round, like."

It was indeed James Trafton that Stanwood saw, although he was not in quest of turkeys, but of the stone upon which the sun never shone, the dew never fell, a bird never perched, and a toad never squat.

"S'pose," said Simpson, "we haul up under the lee of the woods, in the sun, and watch a little. Perhaps we may git a glimpse of the other feller. I expect they've got a horse and carriage hid in the woods somewhere."

"So we will," said the captain. "And if so we git a glimpse of him, Springer here would run him down, if he can't run faster than a fox."

Springer was a name given to the young man Skollfield, on account of his remarkable activity and quickness of motion.

"Cap'n," said Graffam, "did you ever hear what a trick Springer played on a couple of students — that is, they said there was two on 'em — last fall?"

"No. I'm gone to sea so much I never hear anything that goes on at home. It comes to be talked over and forgotten before I git back. How was it, Sam?"

"I can't tell it as it oughter be. Let John tell his own story."

"Come, John," said the captain, "don't be bashful. Let's have it."

"The way of it," said the young man, "was this. It was jest before Thanksgiving. I had shipped to go in a brig from Bath. Martin Merriman, David Upton, and some others round here, were going. I didn't want to go with them on Saturday, so got them to take my dunnage with theirs, and promised to be aboard bright and early Monday morning."

"Because," said Graffam, "you wanted to go down to Birch Island Saturday night to see Olive Merriman."

"'Tain't Olive, Sam; it's Bethiah," said Stanwood.

"I started afoot," he continued, without heeding the interruption, "about twelve o'clock at night. Jest as I got into the plains I heard a horse wicker in the woods. Out of curiosity I stepped into a wood road, that the sound seemed to come from, and there was a horse in a wagon hitched to a tree, with a blanket thrown over him, and a goose and three turkeys in the back part of the wagon. I jumped in, put the whip on to the horse, and headed him for Bath."

"That was a clincher," said the captain. "But where were the fellers the horse and wagon belonged to all this time?"

"Down to Nathan Woodward's barn arter more; for they lost eight, but found two dead ones where the horse was hitched, and supposed, when they found their horse gone, that they backed the others to their place."

"What did you do with the horse?"

"When it came daylight, I knew the horse. It was a bay horse that Dr. Goss used to drive, and sold to Dow, the tavern-keeper. I put the horse in Marston's stable, and told him to send word to Dow. And I tell you, we had a good tuck-out on the goose and turkeys."

"I think," said Stanwood, who seemed to feel some compunction of conscience, "that we used that boy rather rough. He might, arter all, come for a walk; and if he tells of it, people at the falls will think we are savages."

"Let 'em think," said the captain. "They know, or oughter know by this time, what collegers are, how much mischief they do, and what shines they cut up. They know there's no people in the world will treat strangers that's civil better than the people on Mare P'int."

"There's good and bad among the collegers," said Stanwood, "like as there is among other folks."

"All the good, Ben, you might put on the p'int of a cambric needle, and then an old woman might sew with it."

"They paid for Woodward's fowl," said Skollfield.

"They *did?*"

"Yes. They were building a vessel over to Uncle Bill Pennel's. Woodward made the spikes. He was riding over there with his saddle-bags full of spikes, when two collegers—he said they were raal nice-looking fellers—stopped him, and asked if his name wasn't Woodward,—Nathan Woodward,—and if he didn't lose some fowl—eight on 'em. He said yes. They asked him what he considered 'em worth. He named a price. They pulled out the money, and paid him."

"If they'd do that," said Simpson, "I wouldn't charge 'em more'n a fair price."

"Nor I," said the captain. "But what did they want to steal 'em for, if they meant to pay for 'em?"

"For the fun of it," said Stanwood. "There's one of 'em they call Morton: he's a choice feller; everybody likes him; and they say the chap what rooms with him is as good as he is. He worked on the dam last summer, and my cousin Phil worked there, and loved him like a brother. He said Tim Longley set as much by him as he did by his own children; and he's a hard old nut, too — good-hearted, but master rough-spoken, and was as sot agin collegers, cap'n, as you are."

"Let's go to the house, Ben. I don't think we shall see anything of the other one; and perhaps they didn't come for that, arter all."

Trafton's misfortune by no means abated his zeal, although it effectually repressed any inclination to address the waves. He now began to think of selecting a piece, and chose for his great effort the address of Brutus to his countrymen, in which he justified himself for the assassination of Cæsar —a production by no means admitting of anything like vociferation. James was often surprised in the woods by Perk, and at length told him that he was preparing for a great effort in the society. Perk asked him to go out in the woods and speak it before him. He was in raptures when James

concluded, and extolled the performance to the skies.

"Jim, that's a rusher. You might have been heard a mile. I never heard anything like it. Your voice is majestic, sonorous, and so perfectly adapted to the expression of the noble sentiments of those old Romans!"

Trafton was in ecstasies of delight. Such unmitigated praise, and from Perk, too! — for Perk and Morton were considered the best speakers in college.

"Now, Jim," said Perk, "you must gratify me in one thing."

"In what?"

"You must speak that in the chapel before all the college. You know I belong to the Athanean, and of course can't have the privilege of hearing it."

"But you have just heard it here."

"True; but what is that compared with hearing it in conjunction with others; feeling the pulsations and thrill of a large audience, powerless in the hands of the orator; spell-bound, or moved by one spontaneous impulse?"

"Why, Perk, I never knew you had such command of language before."

"I was never conscious of it myself till since I have listened to you. Jim, you would inspire a stone. You have power to take —

'The prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium.'"

"But it is not my turn to speak in the chapel this long time."

"I know that; but you can work it well enough. Partridge, myself, and Porter come next time. Partridge hasn't got his piece. Tell him you'll take his place, and, when it comes your turn, he can take yours. You can speak to the professor of rhetoric about it. Partridge will be glad to do it, because, as I tell you, he has not got any piece. Then you'll come next before me."

"I shouldn't like to speak the same piece in the society that I had spoken in the chapel, because all the members of the society will have heard it in the chapel."

"There's not a fellow in college but would like to listen to a piece, spoken as you speak that, twenty times. The worst of it is, that I shall have to come after you. Nobody will care to hear me after listening to you. But I am so anxious the students should know what an orator we have growing up amongst us, that I don't mind it."

"Well, Perk, to please you, I'll do it."

What does Perk do, the moment the matter was decided, but commit to memory Mark Antony's oration over Cæsar's body. Perk kept the matter secret, and told Trafton to do likewise.

The professor of rhetoric highly relished a joke, and was very much devoted to the concerns of his own department, and gratified with anything that imparted life and interest to tho exercises in the

chapel. Perk was a great favorite with him on account of the interest he manifested in everything of a rhetorical kind.

Perk, being a little apprehensive of being sent off the stage, told the professor that, feeling the exercises in the chapel had been rather dull of late, he wished to speak a piece somewhat out of the common course, and inquired if there would be any objection.

"You know, Perkins, as well as I do, what is proper. If there are no reflections upon the college faculty, there can be no harm."

Perk assured him there was nothing of that kind. The professor desired to know what he intended to do; laughed long and loud when Perk told him, and gave some shrewd hints that aided Perk considerably.

The important day came at last. Trafton went on the stage full of the idea that sound was everything, sense nothing, and began with a yell that caused some of the more nervous students to leap upright. The chapel echoed and re-echoed. A universal titter pervaded the audience. From shouting James proceeded to screeching. His gestures were tremendous; but he seemed to scorn the idea that the curve line was the line of beauty; and they were all of the pump-handle order.

The professor turned his back to the students, and seemed rapt in contemplation of the opposite

wall. He might have been afflicted with the toothache, — which respects neither genius nor rank, —for his handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth.

James received clap after clap as he went on, and descended from the stage amid a perfect storm of applause.

Perk's turn came next. Greatly to the surprise of all but the professor, he commenced, —

> "'Freshmen, sophomores, seniors,
> Lend me your ears.
> I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.'"

You might have heard a pin drop. All were expecting something out of the usual routine; but when he exclaimed, in his best tones, and enforced the declaration with a most graceful gesture, — for Perk was a splendid declaimer, and fine-looking fellow, —

> "'I came not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
> I am no orator, as Trafton is,'" —

the contrast was so supremely ludicrous and unexpected, that the audience laughed aloud. The professor's eyes danced in his head with restrained mirth; but he managed to control himself tolerably well, while Perk, grave as a judge, went on, substituting the name of Trafton for that of Brutus, and taking all imaginable liberties with the text; but when he came out with, —

> "'For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
> Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
> To stir men's blood, as Trafton has,'" —

he could bear no more, but threw himself back in his chair, and indulged in a hearty laugh. Then, indeed, arose a din that made the windows rattle. You could not see half way across the chapel for dust raised by the stamping; and when he ended with, —

> "'Let but the freshmen hear this testament,
> And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,'"

the professor excused Porter, and dismissed the audience. The students laughed going out, laughed when they got out, and after they were in their rooms. The more they thought of it, the better it grew, and was so exceeding funny in recollection, that two of the gravest fellows in college broke out afresh when Trafton came into the chapel to evening prayers.

The richest part of the whole affair was, that Trafton never saw the joke, but supposed Perk's self-depreciation was real, and so understood by the audience; that the clapping during his own performance was a mark of approbation, and the outrageous mirth and uproar while Perk was speaking were elicited by Perk's own awkwardness and at his expense.

CHAPTER XXII.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

IT was a cold, bleak night, near the close of the term: the keen north wind roared through the forest and shook the windows of Radcliffe, while ever and anon pine cones and dead limbs, wrenched by the fury of the gust from trees that flung their branches against it, showered from the roof, and were dashed against the casement.

"Come, Rich," said Morton, "rake up the fire and come to bed."

"Restrain thy impetuous spirit, O youth, flower of chivalry, pride of thy friends, and quintessence of all that is scholarly, amiable, and sublime.

"What hast thou to offer me comparable to the grateful warmth of these glowing rock-maple coals, or that can remunerate me for their loss, canst thou say?"

"Thy bed shall be cowslips all spangled with dew."

"Verily I will comply, when in my maturer judgment thou hast sufficiently warmed the couch."

"O, bother! Come along, I want to talk to you."

"As soon as I finish this paragraph. Hear that," said Rich, cuddling down beside his chum with a slight shiver, as a large branch came down slap on the roof; "it's a stinger out of doors, I tell you."

"Only three nights more, old fellow, when, if you want a warming-pan, you'll have to resort to a hot brick."

"I prefer a hot brick at my feet rather than in my hat; but what do you mean by that? I don't take."

"My school begins next Monday morning."

"As soon as that? How much I shall miss you! and how odd it will seem to room alone! Just think of it, Mort. I have not roomed alone a day since I've been in college. You have always been here to welcome me when I jumped off the stage, and bid me good by when I got on; and we have been just like brothers since the day we first met."

"If you'll be a good boy and attend to your studies, and not get into any scrapes, I'll come back Saturday nights and stay till Monday, or, at any rate, till Sunday evening."

"Scrapes! There'll be nothing going on after you go; it will be as dull as dish-water."

"You forget Perk will be left; he will keep you from moulding; if not, you can send for Austin and Montgomery."

"I rather think we can manage to get through the term without resorting to freshmen. Here I

shall be; a good warm room to sleep in; jump out of bed in the morning, start the fire, then jump in again till it gets under way and the room warm, and warm water to wash in; while you will have to sleep in frosty sheets — "

"And break the ice in the water-pail to wash myself."

"I shall have books to read, fellows all around me, studies that interest me to occupy my attention, and feel that I am growing all the time, while you'll be teaching children matters that you feel no interest in, and have outgrown years ago."

"Yes, and some of them their a-b, abs."

"Besides, some will be so stupid, it will be just pouring water into sieves. Then, when you have been in one place a few days, become a little acquainted, got the bed warm, and begun to feel a little at home, you must take up your bundle and start off to some other family, none of whom you have ever seen before."

"Yes, and perhaps in that family there are not more than two children, or perhaps only one; and by the time one gets fairly into the house, he has to start again."

It may not be amiss to inform those of our young readers, who, having always lived in cities and large villages are not familiar with the details of district schools, that each family draws so much school money in proportion to the number of children; the teacher's wages and board are

paid out of this school fund; if he boards in one family all the time, this, of course, by using up the money, shortens the school; but when he boards round, as it is called, going from house to house, each family keeping him a longer or shorter time, in proportion to the number of children, it saves the school money and ekes out the school. In a small district, where they can have but ten, perhaps six weeks' school in the winter, and a woman's school during a small portion of the summer, it becomes quite an object to have the teacher board round. Of course, it is not so agreeable to the teacher, especially if he is a student, and has studies to make up; yet there are advantages connected with it. If he is possessed of common sense, affable and social in his manners, he at once makes friends in all these families; and if the children find their parents like and respect him, it will affect very much their behavior in school. On the other hand, if he is disagreeable in his manners, unsocial, — to use a homely phrase, "stuck up," — has the faculty of offending all who come in contact with him, — the children, finding their parents dislike him, become insubordinate, are, perhaps, encouraged at home, and his position is anything but a bed of roses.

"But that is not the worst of it," said Rich.

"What is worse?"

"You will be out a part of each term, and have to make up. Now, what chance will you have to

study right in among the family, as I don't suppose you'll have a room and fire by yourself."

"Perhaps not; but you have not made it half as bad as it is. There will be a baby squalling, a boy churning, the mother, perhaps, spinning or pounding coffee for breakfast, and the father tapping shoes or shelling corn."

"I shall pity you a little."

"Poh, Rich! how easy it is to make something out of nothing. Half of all the troubles people have in this world they make themselves. I have read somewhere, in some old books, about a warrior that went to a place said to be haunted, and came to a great fire, that, roaring and crackling, barred his way; but trusting in God, he leaped into the midst of it, when it all disappeared. And I shall have a first-rate time, notwithstanding all the bugbears your vivid imagination has conjured up. What do you suppose I care for sleeping in a cold room? I'm not made of sugar nor salt, and never slept in any other than a cold room, till I came here. The sheets are all in your fancy; they don't put you into them, these good old farmer's wives that spin and weave, not they; they'll put you into good wool blankets; and even if they should put me into frosty sheets, I'd get in with my clothes; turn in all standing, as my uncle the captain terms it."

"But the going into a strange family every day or two!"

"Look here, Rich: you and I, if we live, in less than three years must pull up stakes, go out into the world, and take it rough and tumble; and if we begin now, we shan't be quite so green then."

"That is true."

"It appears to me, that if we are to influence them for their own good, or get our own living out of them for our own, in either case it is quite as necessary that we should have a knowledge of men as of books. My father says it is more so; he says it has been his experience, that where one minister, or man of any profession, has made shipwreck for want of book knowledge, ten have done it for lack of common sense, and knowledge of men and things."

"Just what I heard my uncle tell father and mother."

"In order to obtain a knowledge of books, we are compelled to shut ourselves up here, where books are. For the life of me, I can't see how I or anybody else can obtain the kind of knowledge we have been speaking of (and which, according to father, is so necessary to a professional man, that no other acquirements can be substituted for it), so well as by making one at fifteen or twenty firesides, being in intimate and friendly relations with so many people, all differently constituted, and of all ages and both sexes, becoming acquainted with their ways of getting a living, their modes of thought, feeling, and prejudices, joys and sorrows."

"But if you are to go to every family who sends children, won't you be obliged to go to some very poor families, where, do the best they can, they cannot make you comfortable, and perhaps have none too much to eat themselves; and father says poor folks always have the most children."

"That thing will take care of itself. The school agent, or some hospitable man, perhaps some one who has no children to send, will say to you, 'Mr. So-and-so, there is such a family; their house is small; they cannot very well accommodate a master; come to my house instead of going there;' or, if such a family live near the school-house, and you think it would hurt their feelings to be passed by, you can go in and get a dinner, or go in the evening and make a friendly call. The truth is, chum of mine, I like the wild wilderness, as God Almighty made and left it, better than a plantation of trees set out in straight lines. If I am going to judge of timber, I prefer to see it growing, or in the log, rather than after it is made into a barber's pole and painted; so if I am going to study men, I like to see them in the ore, rather than after they have been subjected to all the different processes of education; everything original, distinctive, and genuine taken away, till they become like so many bullets, all run in one mould."

"But about the studying hour. Are you going to study? I suppose you won't undertake to say that difficulty is all imaginary."

"Rich, you know my father is a poor minister—"

"I don't know or believe any such thing; a man who has such a son as Henry Morton, is rich, though he have but half a shirt on his back."

"You cannot see me blush; but did you ever know anybody that had more than half a shirt to his back?"

"I am exhausted; go on, Mort."

"As I was saying when so audaciously interrupted, my father is a poor minister; labors a good deal with his own hands, and works side by side with his hired help and boys. He'll write or study an hour; in will come some one that *must* see him and will see him (notwithstanding all mother can do to put them off), and about some little, frivolous thing too. He will not more than get down to his work again, before the hired man will want to know where to sow, or where to plant, although he gave him instructions the night before; and so it will be day in and day out. When it comes evening, and we are all seated around the fire, he will come and sit at the table with us, because he has no opportunity to be with his family in the daytime, and we like to have him with us, even if he cannot talk with us. There he will sit and write, mother talking, and all us children gabbling; but so long as we do not talk to him, no matter. He can do that, because he has the power of fixing his attention, and, when interrupted, of resuming

instantly the thread of his thought; if it were not for that, he could accomplish but very little; and he says that all professional men are exposed to countless interruptions, and that this habit of concentrating attention is invaluable. I shall have a good opportunity to try it this winter, a splendid opening for practice."

"I never saw such a fellow as you are, Mort; you don't dread anything; but ever since I agreed to keep school, I have been dreading the moment when I must commence."

"If a thing must be done, where is the sense of dreading it? I call that dying twice."

"No sense in it, I know; but you can't put down a nervous apprehension by reasoning upon the absurdity or uselessness of it. It is all new to me. I never was in a school a day in my life. Mother was my first teacher, after her a tutor. I never was in a class till I came here. I wish I hadn't engaged to keep school; they will all see that I am green as grass, and will ridicule and despise me at the first going off."

Morton exerted himself to the utmost to encourage his chum, and dissipate his apprehension, and with such success, that he at length became quite cheerful, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KEEPING SCHOOL.

THE Radcliffers were quite a musical fraternity. All were singers except Savage. Morton played the flute with great skill and taste, and Richardson the violin. Trafton possessed an excellent voice and accurate ear. Morton was familiar with the words and music of most of the songs of Moore, Burns, and Barry Cornwall; so also was Richardson.

Rich was a gentle, affectionate, loving boy, of delicate sensibilities, refined in all his tastes. The tones of his voice were exceedingly sweet, rich, and of great compass; music touched him to the quick. He could not sing "Oft in the stilly night," or any plaintive melody but his eyes would moisten, and his voice assume a tone that found its way to the heart. Hill was the great depositary of every college song that could be named, from "Crambambuli" to "Upidee," and the rafters of Radcliffe often rang to a rousing catch, especially when a number of the class came over from the college halls.

On Sundays they were accustomed to assemble in Morton's room after service in the afternoon, and sing sacred music till supper time. Having spent the latter portion of the afternoon in this manner and returned from supper, Morton and Richardson pulled up the lounge before the fire, and sat a while in silence, with no other light than that afforded by the embers on the hearth. Morton at length, stretching himself upon the lounge, laid his head in his chum's lap.

"Rich."

"Well."

"Do you know the words of the 'Banks of Doon'?"

"Yes."

"Can you sing it without having the notes?"

"Yes."

Richardson sang it all through.

"That is a sweet thing, particularly so to me."

"Why so?"

"Because it is my mother's favorite song. How many summer nights I've sat with her, father, my brother and sisters, on the broad step, and heard her sing that and the 'Old Oak.' Now, Rich, I must go."

"*Go where?*"

"To Uncle Tim's. I promised to go there first, and told him last week that I thought I should walk over Sunday evening."

"O, Mort, don't go to-night. Walk clear over there this cold night?"

"Just the night to walk; clear as a bell; ground frozen hard. I'll be over there by half past eight."

"Don't go to-night, Mort, please. I don't want you to."

"We must separate; why not as well to-night as in the morning?"

"If you won't go to-night, I'll take a horse and carriage and drive you over in the morning."

"I should not want you to be at the expense of hiring a horse for that."

"Why not? Father wants me to ride, and urges me to; but I prefer to hew timber with you."

"You will have to start early enough to get over to Longley's to breakfast."

"I'll start at midnight, if you'll only stay."

"Well, I will."

"Then lie there like a good boy, while I go and arrange for the horse, and then we will have a nice chat."

"I was intending to borrow Uncle Tim's horse some evening and come after my trunk; but we can as well take it along."

When Richardson returned, he said,—

"Mort, I shall come over next Saturday and bring you home. I'm afraid you won't come if I don't. You needn't begin to make objections, for come I will."

"When does your school begin, Rich?"

"In about three weeks."

"Then I'll tell you what to do. Instead of com-

ing for me at noon, get excused, and come over in the morning. I'll keep school all day, instead of half a day, and the next Saturday give the children a whole day; you can spend the day in my school, take dinner with me, and we will go home together at night."

"It is just like you, Mort, to think of that; you could not have done me a greater favor. I have not the most distant idea of how matters are managed at a district school; but just put me in one, I'll soon post myself."

The day was just breaking as they reached Uncle Tim's door. He had been to the barn to feed his cattle, and was just returning to the house.

"Mornin', Mr. Morton, and you, Mr. Richardson."

"Good morning, Uncle Tim; haven't eaten all the breakfast up, I hope?"

"We don't live quite so near the wind as that comes to; we hain't begun, nuther. I've just built the fire on; walk right into the house; the boys'll see to the horse soon as they git their clothes on."

The morning was sharp, ground frozen hard, and in too great haste to make a fire in their room before setting out, the boys were pretty thoroughly chilled. A very pleasant contrast awaited them. When Uncle Tim flung open the door that led into the kitchen, they found themselves in front of a miniature volcano. The back of the great fireplace was filled with large logs that brought

the fire well out; the forestick was one half a pine stump that had been split in two, the flat side lying on the andirons; three large prongs stood upright, while smaller roots ran from one to the other; the space between the stump and the back-logs was filled with large clefts of beech and pitch-pine; the blaze was playing in and out around the network of roots, roaring up the chimney, and tongues of flame were licking the mantel-bar. Uncle Tim's wife, a large-sized, motherly woman, was filling the tea-kettle, and three boys, seated flat on the hearth, were putting on their shoes and stockings. The room was large, the whole length of the house, except what was taken off for a buttery on one end. It was not plastered, but ceiled, both on the sides and overhead, and painted with red ochre. Over the fireplace hung a long spruce pole, supported by large staples driven into the wall, on which were arranged stockings, mittens, red woollen comforters, and on one end strings of dried pumpkins. At one corner of the fireplace stood a churn full of cream to warm, with a cloth as white as snow pinned about the handle to keep out sparks and dust. In the opposite corner stood a large settle, with a back higher than a person's head, to break the draft of wind created by the fire.

"Wife, this ere's Mr. Morton, the young man what's going to keep our school; and this ere's Mr. Richardson, his chummee. Boys, this is the schoolmaster."

Uncle Tim now wheeled the great settle round before the fire, seated his guests on it, and insisted upon their pulling off their boots and warming their feet. Richardson was well acquainted with Uncle Tim, as he was often brought in contact with him by working with Morton; but he had never seen any of his family, nor the inside of a farm-house before. He was a genial, affectionate boy, full of the fire and romance of youth; and as he thrust his chilled feet and hands towards the fire, watched the play of the flames through the interstices of the old stump, looked up to the thick woollen stockings hanging from the pole, suggestive of plenty and comfort,—he was reminded of what Morton had said about good farmers' wives. His spirits rose at once; he began to think that school-keeping might not be so bad, after all, and to suspect that there might be a great deal more real enjoyment in Uncle Tim's mode of living than in that to which he had been accustomed. As for Morton, who had been a welcome guest at all the firesides in his father's parish, and to whom all these matters were familiar, he was as gay as a lark, and, though he had never kept school a day in his life, seemed utterly devoid of the least apprehension in respect to his maiden effort.

"I don't see how Mort can feel so lively," said Rich to himself; "don't think I should, if I was going to begin this morning."

"Come, boys," shouted Uncle Tim, "the mornings are nothing now; are you going to be all day gitting your eyes open? Tom, it's time you and Jake were milking. There's that load of cord-wood to be hove off; I want the wheels, the minute breakfast is done, to haul logs. Jake, go right down to the well, and draw a trough full of water for the cattle, and feed the hogs. You won't stir one step to school till the chores are all done."

The girls now made their appearance — that is, two of them put their heads out of the stairway door, but, when they saw the students, dodged back, and ran up stairs.

"Harriet," said the mother, "come right down — you and Nancy; I want you."

When at length the girls came down, the mother said, —

"Harriet, pound some coffee for breakfast; no, you may go down cellar first, and bring up some pork and potatoes. Eliza, bring them chickens in, and cut 'em up, and then take hold of the churn; we are most out of butter: I ought not to have sent what I did to the Falls; I can't take up that I've laid down for winter. Charlie, take some of that dry wood out of the oven, and start a fire in your granny's room, and then feed the hens; the other boys have got their hands full. Come! I shouldn't think school was going to begin, by the way you move about. Your father's going away with the team, and wants his breakfast."

Uncle Tim now came in, saying, —

"Wife, I want to heat an axe; can you give us a chance at the fire?"

"I don't know, father. I *was* going to roast some potatoes; but I'll boil them. Yes, you can come."

He now brought in a narrow axe, the handle of which was broken close to the eye, and, wrapping a cloth wet in cold water round the bitt to prevent starting the temper, thrust the pole into the hot coals to burn out the remains of the handle, and, getting down on his knees, kept the edge cool by constantly sopping the rag with water.

Eliza now commenced to churn; upon which, Morton instantly offered to do it himself.

"You shan't do any sich thing, Mr. Morton," said Uncle Tim.

"Yes, I will," said Morton; "I had rather churn than not: it won't be the first time I've done it. Let Eliza help her mother."

"But you are not dressed for it, Mr. Morton," said Mrs. Longley; "you'll spatter yourself."

"Then put an apron on me — can't you? I'm bound to churn anyhow, and eat the butter when I've done."

Morton insisted, and Mrs. Longley pinned the apron round him. Rich insisted on helping; and, by their joint efforts, specks of butter soon appeared on the handle of the dash, and around the edge of the hole in the cover. Mrs. Longley now

summoned all the family to breakfast. The aged grandmother came from her room, and was seated in a warm position next to Mrs. Longley, with her back to the fire.

Rich was quite astonished at the display of eatables, sufficient, it seemed to him, to satisfy double the number of persons present.

"We don't have any compliments, young men," said Uncle Tim; "we're plain folks. You must take hold and help yourselves to anything you can reach, or wait till I'm done; and if there's anything you can't reach, you must holler. Boys, have you done all the chores — cleaned out the tie-up, drawn water for the cattle, carried some of that poor hay out in the yard for them, and salt hay for the sheep? and is there wood enough cut to last your mother? for I shan't be home till late in the evening."

"Yes, father," said Jake; "and we've greased the wheels, and put some stalks on to bait the oxen."

"And my axe in the crotch of the tongue?"

"Yes, father; and the binding chains, and the lever on the axletree, and the draught chains at the end of the tongue, ready for you. And Tom carded the oxen; shall we yoke 'em?"

"No; I'll yoke up. Any of you know whether there's wood to the school-house?"

"Yes, sir; Blaisdell hauled some a week ago."

"Wal, you better start right along, take an axe

with you, and see that there's wood cut and a good fire on. Mr. Richardson, you and Mr. Morton ain't eating anything; you don't eat enough to last you till noon — not enough to keep a sparrow."

No sooner was breakfast over, than there was a universal call for mother. It was "Mother, what shall we wear?" "How does my dress look?" "Mother, where's my shirt and collar?" "Mother, mend this hole in my mitten." "Mother, hook my gown."

"Wife," cries Uncle Tim, "I'm ready to start: are my vittles put up?"

"In one minute, father," replies the much-enduring woman; "soon as I git the children's dinners put up. Mr. Morton, will you take your dinner, or come home?"

"I'll come home, Mrs. Longley, when it's fair weather; then, if it storms, I'll take it."

There was now a general evacuation of the premises. Uncle Tim, with six oxen, set out for the woods; Richardson, for college; and Morton and the rest, for school.

"Uncle Tim, I'm going to keep all day Saturday," cried Morton, as he was leaving; "if this young man comes over to go into my school, will you give him and the horse some dinner?"

"Reckon I will, Mr. Morton, and glad of the chance. There's plenty to eat in the house and the barn, and it's jest as free as water. Any friends of yourn or Mr. Richardson's, that you

would like to have come to see you, bring 'em on. If they kin put up with our ways and vittles, they're welcome. Tell Mr. Richardson to come over Friday night."

This was an entirely new experience to Richardson, who, the only son of a wealthy man, petted and indulged by his parents, adored by his sisters, and, till he came to college, kept away from the companionship of other boys, was utterly ignorant of the labor to be performed in a family, and the amount of anxiety and care incident to domestic life. But he was possessed of all the elements of true manhood; and to him the scene he witnessed around that fireside was full of instruction.

"How little I have known," he thought as he rode slowly along, "of what real life is, or of the efforts it must have cost my parents — who began life without property of any kind — to obtain that which they so freely lavish on me! What a household that of Uncle Tim! — every one, from the oldest to the youngest, a contributor to the common benefit; that great giant of a man, as hospitable and kind in purpose as rude in speech; and that mother — O, what a woman! — what infinite capabilities and capacity of endurance must she possess to take care of all that family! and those boys — why, they have done more work this morning, before going to school, than I did in all my boy-life at home. I'll know more about actual life before this winter is out, and not flinch from

school-keeping, or anything else that is useful and manly. I'll come over here every chance I can get."

When Morton reached the school-house he found the scholars assembled, and a great fire in the fire-place; for, after the back-logs, the wood was piled on the enormous andirons as long as possible, and then two or three sticks resting on that, pointing up chimney. The building was twenty-eight feet by thirty, and had a sure foundation, since it stood upon a smooth ledge in the corner of a pasture, was underpinned at the four corners and in front, but the other three sides were open. At the back side was a rough shed, for wood, open in front, but sheltered on the north and west by rising ground and forest.

The school-house door was on the south end, across which ran a narrow entry. Upon one side of it were shelves, where the girls put their dinner pails, cloaks, and hoods; on the other, one long shelf, and wooden pegs, for tho boys' coats and hats. The windows had wooden shutters. There was not the slightest reason for apprehension in respect of injury to the scholars from deficient ventilation: there were clapboards lacking here and there; the plastering was broken in many places; the window sashes fitted loosely; while the boards of the ceiling, that on all sides extended to the windows, had shrunk so much as to permit the outer boarding to be seen; and in some places,

where seams corresponded, a view of out doors. In one corner was the teacher's desk, and in another, a shelf for the water-pail. Two long seats were built against the walls, the whole length of the building on two sides, and before them, desks. These were entered by an aisle in the middle. There were two tiers of desks around, leaving quite a space in the centre, where the classes stood to read and spell. The girls were ranged on one side, and the boys on the other. There was no such thing thought of, then, as doing problems on a black-board, or reciting in classes in arithmetic, except mental arithmetic, for there were not three books alike in the school, but the scholars did their sums on slates and brought them to the master for approval, or came to him for instruction.

Reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic were the branches esteemed most necessary; grammar was a mystery which few sought to unravel; some few studied history, but those studies were considered rather as accomplishments. To be qualified to keep accounts, measure timber, land, casks, &c., cast interest, and understand the rule of three, was all that was really necessary. Certain hours in particular days were set apart for writing; all wrote with the quill pen; steel ones were not in use; the master set all the copies, straight marks, pot-hooks, and trammels, for beginners; words, sentences, and capitals, for those more advanced.

Some brought Dutch quills, "boughten ones;" others, those plucked from their own geese. During writing hours, the teacher would have plenty of occupation making and mending pens for the greater portion of the scholars; the older ones would make or mend their own. He would walk up and down the aisles, when the scholars would hold up their pens, saying, Coarse, or Fine, according as they wanted to write large or small hand. When the schools were so short, and the teachers constantly changing, there was not much advance made beyond a certain point. Some scholars would go through the arithmetic one winter, then the next begin and go through it again.

Although Morton had never taught school, yet, until he entered college, he had attended the district school regularly every winter, while he pursued his classical studies at home. Being familiar with the usual routine, he arranged his classes, took an alphabetical list of his scholars, and set the school in operation. It was customary, in those days, for teachers, upon commencing school, to make a little speech, defining their own position, and informing the scholars what they might expect in the event of obedience or disobedience. He also kept a fire list; each boy of suitable age being required to cut the wood, make the fire in his turn, and take care of it for one day. Morton, however, did neither; and when the scholars came to school the next morning, they found a fire made

and the house warm. Morton preferred to make the fire himself, but required the boys to cut up all the wood that had been hauled, put it into the shed, and bring into the school-house at night sufficient for the morning's fire.

Scarcely any of the things now considered indispensable in school were then known. There were no ruled writing-books, and but very few manufactured ones; the scholars made them by stitching several sheets of paper together and putting on a cover of brown wrapping-paper. Leaden plummets served in lieu of pencils, fashioned by the boys into fanciful shapes, such as swords, hatchets, and flat-fish, in which case the tail made the mark. The greater part of the ink was made by boiling white maple bark in water, and adding a little copperas, and it had a blue tinge. Inkstands were made of every conceivable shape and material; and here a wide field was open to American invention. They were made of ram's horns, cow's horns, clay, and baked in the kitchen fire; some boys made them of lead, which they run in sand; others of apple or thorn-tree wood; two boys had the nuts of large screw-bolts, one end being filled with lead; others had boughten ones of glass, soapstone, cork, and earthen.

By reason of the scarcity of school furniture, and the poverty of many of the parents, borrowing became an absolute necessity, and the school-room resounded with the clatter of tongues.

"Master, may I leave my seat to borrow a book?" — ruler, or slate.

The greatest confusion arose when some one in the middle or closed end of the long seat wished to get out. He must either clamber over the desk before him,—over two, if he was in the back tier,—or else all in the seat must rise up and stand, leaning forward, while he walked out behind them. Another most serious difficulty grew out of the scarcity and diversity of reading-books. Some brought the American Preceptor, some the English Reader, others the Columbian Orator and Enfield's Speaker. This difficulty was most serious in respect to the larger scholars, the others being quite well provided with Noah Webster's Spelling-book. Our young readers will at once perceive the impossibility of classifying in a school where there were scarcely two books alike, and the consequent confusion and waste of time. In addition to this, there were a great many children that scarcely knew their letters.

Around three sides of the school-room, in front of all the desks, was a seat similar to the deacon's seat before the front pews in a church. Upon this bench, with no desk before them on which to lean, their legs too short for them to touch their feet to the floor, were seated the little martyrs, before that tremendous fire that caused the pitch to fry out of the boards behind them; that is, those on the side-seats; they were in a torrid zone, their little

faces red as a beet; while, in the back seats, hardy boys and girls, clad in woollen, were shivering, ink congealing in the inkstands, and a gale blowing through the chinks in the floor.

A boy educated at an academy, or by a private tutor, would have made but a sorry figure in such circumstances as these, and soon become disheartened. Not so with Morton: it only stimulated him. All the sympathies of a generous, self-reliant nature were enlisted in behalf of these scholars, most of whom, he perceived, possessed excellent capacities. "If," thought he, "I am under obligations to the best of fathers for one thing more than another, it is for sending me into the rough and tumble of a district school, instead of an academy; and if I don't turn this one upside down and inside out before I leave it, I'll never try again." Well aware that the scholars were already prejudiced in his favor, he permitted the school to go on in the usual manner, while deliberating in respect to the best method of proceeding.

At length having decided, he, too, made a speech, very brief, but wonderfully effective.

"Scholars," said he, as they were about done, at night, "if I will do all I can to help you, will you do all you can to help yourselves?"

There was a unanimous and hearty response.

"When you come to school to-morrow, I wish the boys to bring shovels, axes, and a crowbar; the girls, tow, cotton batting, and some old table-knives."

Much wondering what the master was going to do, all came bringing the articles specified. At noon, Morton sent the small scholars home, and set the girls to stuffing the chinks in the floor, the wainscot, and the spaces around the window-sashes with cotton and tow. With rocks from an old wall, he and the boys underpinned the house. They next unhung the window-shutters, and, going into a swamp in the woods not yet frozen, dug up turf and piled it on the shutters, then, running poles under them, carried the turf to the house, and covered the underpinning; next, cutting spruce and hemlock brush, they piled it as high as the stools of the windows. The result of this was, the school-room was so warm the next day that they let the fire go out at noon.

Having made the scholars comfortable, Morton, taking one of Uncle Tim's boys with him, went over the greater portion of the district in the evenings, and persuaded the parents who were able to purchase reading-books of one kind, thus being enabled to classify his scholars. All had Testaments; and by making those who had not books alike read in the Testament, and by passing books from one to another, they got along very well. He induced those also who were able to furnish their children with all the articles needed; and Uncle Tim, with some others, volunteered to supply the rest.

As there was now no necessity of borrowing,

Morton no longer permitted any leaving of seats. There was no more clambering over the tops of the desks, or twelve or fourteen boys rising up for another to walk on the seat behind them. If a scholar wanted a drink of water, or to show his sum to the teacher, he raised his hand, and was attended to. Such order had never been known in the district before. The scholars were happy, and proud of their master, and made rapid progress; and Morton gave out notice for a singing-school to begin the next week.

The little children were now in a much better position since the banking up of the walls. Those directly opposite the fire were none too warm before; but those on the side seats, being nearer, were nearly roasted. But much less fire was necessary now.

When Richardson came over Friday night, he found all the Longley boys and girls dressed in their bettermost; there was evidently something ahead.

"Come, Rich," said Mort; "we are going to spelling-school. Go with us."

"What is a spelling-school?"

"O, you'll find out when you get there."

Morton would not have appointed a spelling-school during the first week, but he desired to aid Richardson by making him acquainted. He contrived to let the people of the district, where Rich was to keep, know of the spelling-school, and that

their master would be there. He had also asked Richardson to bring his violin.

The result was, that all the larger scholars in the other district came over to see the master and look him over; also the agent and many of the parents came, for spelling-schools are always attractive. When all were assembled, and the schoolhouse lighted with candles stuck in turnips, potatoes, blocks of wood, and candlesticks, the walls and great chimney decorated with evergreens, Morton said, —

"We will now choose sides."

Calling Jake Longley and Abner Melcher into the floor, he took a Columbian Orator, and, opening it, asked the boys to guess the number of the page at which he opened. The boys looked long and anxiously at the book that Morton held open, but upside down. They knew right well the number of pages in the book, and were mentally calculating at what part of it he had opened — whether half way, a third, or a quarter. The room was perfectly still, all being interested.

"One hundred fiftieth page, hit or miss," said Jake.

"One hundred forty-sixth," said Melcher.

"It was the hundred fifty-second. Longley has it, and the first choice," said Morton.

"I'll choose Hiram Woodside."

"I, Eliza Longley."

Thus they went on, till they had chosen all of

the first class; Longley, of course, having the opportunity of choosing the first best speller. Being now ranged in two columns facing each other, the choosers at the head of each line, the words were put alternately. When a scholar on one side could not spell the word, it was given to the next in course on the opposite side; if he or she spelled it, the one who missed went over to that side; and the side that had the most at the close of the lesson was declared victor. Morton put out the words, and long in doubtful balance the battle hung. At one time it seemed that Longley would prevail; then he would lose, and Melcher gain. At length Longley got all of Melcher's except Eliza Longley, John Mountford, and three others. Now came the tug of war. Nine, ten o'clock, but neither side could gain more. Morton then proposed that they should adjourn, and sing a few tunes. As there were many grown people present, they began with "Old Hundred," then sang "Auld Lang Syne;" after which Richardson sung a song, and was then introduced by the agent of his district to many of his future scholars and their parents, and was very cordially invited by one of them to come to his house to board first.

Having thus broken the ice, and been assured of a kind reception, Rich was in the best of spirits. He spent the next day in Morton's school; mended pens, set copies, looked over the boys' sums, heard the little ones read, and made himself thoroughly

acquainted with the whole minutiæ of the school, and the wants of the scholars.

"Here we are again," said Mort, as they drew up their chairs that evening before a cheerful fire in Radcliffe; "this has been a great week for you, Rich. What do you think of school-keeping?"

"I think I'm under everlasting obligations to you, Mort. I don't dread it one grain now, and I am heartily glad I engaged; but I feel ashamed of myself."

"Why so?"

"Ashamed of all that silly talk of mine about having to teach children things that one has outgrown, and that have ceased to interest. I felt, when I was hearing those little ones read, and looking over the sums in your school, that it might be a very interesting employment to cause others to grow, and that a faithful teacher accomplishes a great deal of good; felt how much more usefully I should be employing my time this winter teaching than in idling at home, and how many things I should learn that would be useful to me all my life."

"We will have rare times, too, Rich, after your school begins. I'll come over and stop with you, and you with me. We'll have spelling-schools, one school against the other. You can take your violin, and accompany in the singing-school. There are many in my district who have first-rate voices, and know all the old fugue tunes. We'll get them

together at Uncle Tim's, and have some real howls; yes, and play blind-man's-buff in the old kitchen."

They were now interrupted by Perk, Savage, and the whole clan, who came rushing into tho room to see Morton.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST.

IN due time Richardson commenced his school. Devoting himself to the instruction of his scholars, they became fondly attached to him.

The elderly people averred that he was too good for this wicked world, and predicted that he would die young. During the entire winter it was a vexed question, continually discussed around the firesides of both districts, which was the best, Morton or Richardson? The girls and mothers thought Richardson was a little superior; the boys and men, Morton. The majority, however, concluded, with Uncle Tim, "that they were both first-rate schoolmasters, no discount, and just as good as they could be."

It would have been somewhat difficult to have found a prouder or happier man than Blaisdell, the school agent, who hired Morton.

"I knowed it, and I said it," he cried, when his boys, from time to time, related to him some new proof of Morton's capabilities. "When I see how handy that young man took hold of a pitchfork,

when I heerd him talk, and see that eye of hisn, I made up my mind, that's the feller for our money. There's good grin'stone grit there; the boys won't run over his head, I'll bet a pistareen; so I sot him; so he's proved. He's doin' a good chore for us this winter, and he'll allers be thought on in this ere deestric' while there's a scholar a livin' that ever went to him, or a parent that sent 'em."

Both schools closed with an exhibition at which dialogues were spoken, Morton and Richardson exerting themselves to the utmost to drill their respective scholars.

As the spring term had begun before the schools closed, the Radcliffers all came over to the exhibitions, bringing Austin and Montgomery with them. Both proved a complete success. Richardson's took place first, and from this they all went back to college the same evening; but when Morton's came off, Uncle Tim "would have no sich doings;" he put the horses in the barn, and said, "Stay you shall;" and the whole party slept in a field bed on the floor in his front room, and didn't "go home till morning."

The proceeds of Morton's day and singing schools, his wages for hewing timber, and the liberal pay he received from Uncle Tim for keeping his accounts, placed him, at the beginning of the spring term, in somewhat easier circumstances, affording him more time for writing and reading; and both he and Richardson applied themselves

very closely to their studies, which were gradually becoming both more difficult and interesting.

Perk, Savage, and Hathaway kept on very much as they had done during the last term, doing infinitely better than in the freshman year, but by no means all, or an approach to all they might; they were more or less irregular; occasionally for a week or fortnight making splendid recitations in the languages, and sometimes in mathematics, then taking "deads," or being absent. As for Trafton, he did excellently well in mathematics, was regular in attendance, but in other things made a poor show. His experience in the chapel seemed to have given a fatal wound to his conceit, for he at length discovered that on that occasion he had been a laughing-stock.

"Trafton's improving," said Perk; "he'll be quite a fellow yet. I have been of great benefit to the raw lad. I did it with the best intentions, and pitied while I smote."

Hill was regularly drunk every Saturday night, but for all that was a youth of such capacity that he maintained a very good rank in recitations when there, but was very irregular; possessed a natural tact for writing, and sometimes, when under the influence of liquor, would make a brilliant declamation. He did not associate a great deal with the rest; rather with fast fellows who came from North College to drink, sing, smoke, and gamble with him, — but manifested a good deal of attach-

ment to Morton, who seemed to possess a singular influence over him, and would often come to his room, though never remaining long, or conversing much. He had some singular ways; would always go to meeting, drunk or sober; indeed, it was the only thing in which he was punctual. He would by no means retire without first reading in the Bible, but would make the most singular comments.

"Thunder! what a verse that is! I don't believe that!"

Whenever Morton would talk to him, endeavor to persuade him to reform his habits, attend to his studies, and join the others in their sports and pastimes, instead of going with fast boys, he would soon after make him some present; but that was all the notice he took of it.

Perk was of that temperament that it was well nigh impossible for him to keep still; he was continually importuning Morton to do something.

"Do it yourself," replied Mort. "I wish you had to work as hard as I do; I guess it would take some of the juice out of you."

"It seems to me," said Perk, "you have sown your wild oats very quick."

"I sowed them by double handfuls," was the reply.

Unable to start Morton, Perk resolved to see what he could do himself, and he apprehended no lack of assistants.

In those days goods of all kinds were hauled

long distances with horse teams, twenty-five, thirty, even fifty miles. A countryman bound to Portland with a two-horse team, laden with butter in firkins, beans in bags, three dead hogs (for it was cold weather, being the first of spring term), drove up to the tavern that stood near the college, and put up for the night. In the morning, when he got up, his cart and load were gone. Search was made in all directions; they followed the wheel-tracks to the college, and there lost them. About the middle of the forenoon, some one espied the vehicle on the roof of North College, the wheels astride the ridge-pole, laden ready to hitch on to. Who put it there, and how they effected it, was a mystery; but it was a deal of work for a good many hands to get it down by taking the cart to pieces.

A week had passed, when Morton asked Perk to take his gun, and go into the woods with him. After a while, they sat down to rest.

"Perk," said Mort, "I don't think much of that last scrape of yours."

"Why not? Was it not well done? It can't be beat."

"No, it was not well done, and I think you will agree with me that it was not. I have come to know something about the matter. The person who owns and drives that team is a very honest, hard-working man, with a large family dependent on his daily labor. The goods were not his; he was hauling them for a trader, and was responsible for their safe delivery."

"I never thought anything about that," said Perk.

"Well, hear me out. Some of the butter was damaged, some beans spilled; and it cost him considerable to hire help to get that cart and load down, besides his loss of time. He will be forced to take the money he needs to feed his children with, to pay the bills."

"I'm sorry," said Perk; "it's all my fault; sorry I got it up. I wouldn't do a mean thing for my right hand, and that was real mean."

"You can undo it, Perk."

"I should like to know how."

"How many were there of you?"

"Sixteen besides myself."

"It will not be much for so many to make up the loss to that poor man. You must do that — ought to do more."

"But I don't know how — don't know what his loss is, or how to go to work to get at him."

"I do, for he married a relative of Tim Longley. I know what it cost him to get his goods down, for he borrowed the money of Uncle Tim. I can find out by him what damages he will have to pay the trader, where he lives, and all about it."

"Find out, Mort, and we'll make it right."

They not only paid the damages, but his expenses to Portland, from the time he set out till he got back.

Perk kept very quiet, after this, for a long time.

But, near the close of the term, he was at Bath, and saw a small swivel in an old-junk store, that had been taken out of a vessel. He instantly conceived the design of taking it to college, loading it to the muzzle with powder, thrusting the muzzle out of a window in the night, firing, and then hiding it away. He decided, however, before buying, to tell Morton.

"Only think of it, Mort! Won't it be magnificent! — right in the middle of the night, when all is still, everybody sound asleep, bang! goes the cannon, breaks every square of glass in a whole broadside of college; glass rattling down; fellows rushing out of their beds; freshmen crying murder, sophs crying fire; some shouting; heads out; profs running over to college half dressed; tute [tutor] cutting round, knocking at every door in the end; when the profs get there, can't see anything, can't find anything — think it's the shock of an earthquake, undulating movement of the earth, accompanied by explosion; comet burst in infinite space — pieces hit the windows; Old Cleve will lecture about it. Won't it be glorious, Mort? To-day we'll fix a place to hide it; want you to contrive *that*. To-night Hath and I will go down and get it. O, won't we wake the echoes?"

"Can't see it, Perk."

"Can't see it? What a fellow you are getting to be, Mort! Once you were up to everything; now you are not up to anything."

"Look here, Perk —"

"O, bother! If you say, 'Look here,' I know what's coming. If you're going to talk, I might as well give it up. Wish I hadn't said a word to you about it, but just gone and done it."

"Don't you think it would have been better if you had said something to me about that man's cart before you put it on top of the college?"

"I knock under to that. Well, free your mind." And, flinging himself on the lounge, Perk pulled his hat over his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate.

"I do not believe in destroying property. It is not right, to begin with. Neither can I see any wit in it: any fool can do that. There has been so much water flung in ducking, that the plastering on the college rooms is full of cracks; the windows have been broken so often that the sashes are all to pieces; and the doors broken open so frequently that they are rickety, making the rooms as cold as a barn. One great reason of my coming over here was, it takes so much less wood that it is a little cheaper for me, and I get a better room. But I can tell you what will make your programme more magnificent still."

"I thought you'd warm up, Mort," cried Perk, jumping up and drawing his chair close to Morton; "knew you couldn't keep out of it, old veteran; tell us what it is."

"Get six good fellows, one to each entry of North College."

"Yes."

"Fellows, mind you, that won't flinch."

"Yes, I know whom to get."

"About twelve o'clock, let them set fires in the entries, every entry of North College, fasten the outside doors, and run. Then will be seen a most magnificent spectacle; forked tongues of flame bursting from every window, streaming twenty feet high from the chimneys, and illuming the lurid midnight sky; cries of agony rising above the roar of devouring flames; frantic students flinging themselves headlong from the windows. Tute frying in his own grease; Prex wringing his hands in agony; Profs standing aghast with horror, tears streaming down their cheeks. No sham in *that*, I tell you."

"Mort, you're too bad," cried Perk, rising to go. "I'm bound to do it."

"You've got to hear the rest of the sermon first," said Mort, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket. "You know Edwards, of the junior class?"

"Yes."

"He is one that everybody likes; he has the best mind of any fellow in college (I wish I had his abilities), but one of the kind that the 'sword frets out the scabbard;' and he's very poor; no one in the world to help him; can't take hold and hew timber, and do a thousand things, as I can; he boards himself in his room, and lives a great part of the time on bread and molasses."

"That is too bad, poor fellow."

"Hill often invites him to dine with us (you know that yourself), in order that he may have something to sustain nature."

"Good on Hill's head."

"He has hardly clothes enough to cover his nakedness; and I got mother to knit him some stockings."

"I'll give him some of mine. I'll take 'em off my feet for him."

"Poor as that boy is to-day, if you should offer him fifty dollars to inform, he would summon the little strength he has to throw it in your face. Now, as soon as I unlock that door, you are going to break all the glass in the broadside of college, make the average damages foot up four or five dollars apiece (for after you get a-going, you won't be satisfied with firing once, but you'll keep it up till the faculty find out where you hide the gun), and take it out of that poor boy. You want to put on the last kernel of barley that breaks the camel's back."

"If I do, may I be hung, drawn, and quartered. I never saw it in that light before."

"Is not that the true light to see it in?"

"Yes, Mort, it is."

"That is not all. There is Prior; not so much of a man as Edwards, but one whom we all respect, struggling along; Jackson, Prince, and ten or fifteen more, in all the different classes. I don't

speak on my own account, although I am one of the poverty-stricken; for Hen Morton is able to carry his load without whining or asking favors of anybody."

"Mort, I'll just drop it right here."

"You're a man, Perkins, every inch of you," said Mort, unlocking the door. "I knew you would feel just as I do, when you came to think of it. You want to do something, are bound to do something; now I'll tell you what we'll do. Next week we shall have dignity day; we will get our translations written beforehand, then make some chocolate in our rooms, start at twelve o'clock at night, go to Jewel's Island, catch fish, make a chowder, camp out, and have a real nice time, injure nobody, and have a clear conscience when it is over."

"Good, Mort. You know all about boats, but do you know the way?"

"I don't; but I want to learn to navigate these bays; for by and by I hope not to have to work so much, and get time to sail. You remember the time I yoked that man's oxen?"

"Guess I do."

"I boarded with him while I was keeping school, and he told me whenever I wanted to go to sail, I might have his boat, or he would go with me. I'll get him, and I tell you what I want to do. Hill is about getting ready for a real spree; if we can get him to go with us, it will break it up."

"I go in for that; if we could only get him to

take a liking to go out of doors as we do, instead of smoking stewing, and soaking in his room, he might rally. It was a good thing for all of us, Mort, that you yoked up that man's ox."

After a hard struggle, Morton succeeded in prevailing upon Hill to go with them. They went to Drunken Ledge, caught a boat-load of rock cod, right among the kelp, where they could see them bite, it being calm, and no surf. Hill seemed real happy, and promised to go again. Next week came the examination that closed the sophomore year, and the friends, now juniors, separated.

The future of the Radcliffers, their progress in scholarship, and whatever of incident may attach to their college course, will be contained in the next volume of this series, "THE WHISPERING PINE, OR THE GRADUATES OF RADCLIFFE."

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